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WEDNESDAY, MARCH 4, 1896.

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MISS DOLLY CRASKE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

AT RANDOM.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"We'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."

I have found the sun, which is shining wintrily, as I write, on the trees of the boulevard outside the Café de la Paix. They are still festooned with ribbons of the Carnival, ribbons that flaunted gaily in honour of the Bauf Gras, but are now swinging limply in the east wind of Lent. There is a general air of limp ribbon in the streets of Paris to-day; the boulevard is almost bare of traffic; the cocher seems indifferent to his European reputation for dare-devilry, and drives slowly and forlornly, as if too cold to enjoy the cutting-down of pedestrians at sharp corners; even the waiters of the Café de la Paix seem struck with melancholy, and proffer you the worst eigars in the world with a gesture of Christian resignation. I have always regarded the Paris waiter as a man of aplomb, who looks like a comedian in affluent circumstances, with a rich expanse of closely shaven jowl, and who dons an apron in the sheer exuberance of humour. To-day he is like a depressed monument off a tomb, standing afar off with folded arms, watching the effect of the worst cigar on the unobtrusive stranger. Presently he approaches, and sets before me a match-box in the shape of a gilded pig; it has red eyes, and a match is stuck deftly in its snout. I understand from the byplay of the waiter's eyebrows that I am invited to purchase this as a souvenir; he takes me, no doubt, for a green tourist, whose experiences of Paris are symbolised by this engaging animal with a gay little twist in its tail; but there are no nods and becks and wreathed smiles to indicate his personal interest in the allegory. For aught he cares, a pig upon the maelström's brim, a yellow porker may be to you, and nothing more.

As it happens, I have just been reading a lively article in a Paris paper on the decline of the French drama. Do you remember Stevenson's verses on the pleasant Land of Counterpane? Well, the French play is mostly Counterpane, with accessories not contemplated by Stevenson's delicate Muse. "In our drama to-day," says the journal before me, "everybody goes to bed. Sooner or later the action centres in a display of underwear. Since Le Coucher d' Yvette, there has been a popular craving for insipid linen, and to this caprice even our most brilliant dramatists have felt constrained to minister. Suppose some playwright were to deal with urgent social problems, would there not be diplomatic complications and national disquiet? As it is, a benevolent Government is spared much anxiety by the popular delight in all this going to bed on the stage. This is how under the Third Republic we maintain our liberties." Despite this satire, the bed holds its own in the Paris theatre, four-postered to all the winds that blow. It is the ark of realism; when he sees a bed, the French playgoer feels that his ideas of life are on a solid basis. In "Amants," in "Viveurs," two plays supposed to be representative of Parisian life and manners, the characters circle round this piece of furniture like devotees in an Oriental rite. Moreover, Jeanne Granier, the Nellie Farren of the French stage, has touched the Parisian heart by the pathos of her parting with the young lover in "Amants" for the sake of an elderly gentleman who has a prior claim. She weeps in the dark; you cannot see her face, but you hear soul-thrilling sobs, the effect of which is not at all impaired when the young man departs for foreign lands with a pantomime trunk, and the lady weds her elderly adorer in a highly respectable manner. This is dramatic realism as it is understood by the Third Republic.

More successful than any dramatist is the inventor who throws upon a screen, with the aid of a magic-lantern, the photographic pictures of figures in motion. This exhibition is patronised in Paris by huge crowds, delighted beyond measure by the fidelity with which the aspect of a street, horses, vehicles, and pedestrians is reproduced, as if in actual life. We know how real water or a hansom cab on the stage entrances the popular eye; but what are the most elaborate spectacles of this kind to the new scene-shifting of photography? Why have painted ships on a painted ocean, a scenic artist's Regent Street or Epsom racecourse, when you can represent the real article with magic-lantern slides? What a saving to theatrical managers in "supers"! What an economy of time and temper at rehearsal, when the photographer of the theatre can turn on the stage-crowd by machinery-a crowd, too, which comports itself with the spontaneity of original impulse! I don't wish to revive unpleasant memories; but if only the well-dressed congregation of Ritualists in the church scene of "Michael and His Lost Angel" had been photographed, and not drilled! Well, here in Paris the realistic movement suggests various developments of this intelligent mechanism. At the Cabaret du Néant there is a fund of entertainment in the representation of physical decomposition. When you enter this home of graveyard recreation, you are welcomed with pleasantries touching your possible ailments, which are presumed to be hurrying you to dissolution. You sit down to a liqueur on a coffin, while the proprietor of the show amuses you by turning the pictures on the walls to skeletons. As the process is rather like the new photography, which discloses your backbone through the tissues and the best handiwork of your tailor, you have the agreeable idea that science is the sexton of our illusions.

Then you take a taper, and repair, through dimly lighted passages adorned with skulls, to a chamber where is enacted a masquerade of death. A living person stands upright in a coffin, with a shroud tucked round his neck, like a table-napkin for a feast of worms. Gradually his features change; there are black spots of putrefaction on his cheeks; the eyes fade from the sockets, and the flesh from his bones. When I was there, a young woman near me turned her back on the spectacle with stifled shrieks; but the rest looked on with cheerful interest, as if a decomposing corpse were a boon companion. After this, a lady took a chair on a little stage, and was the object of endearments on the part of figures produced by the apparatus of our old friend, Pepper's ghost. She made sparkling replies to merry questions, and she was succeeded by a gentleman who introduced into the proceedings a humour of Falstaffian breadth. He was visited by a spectral damsel, who favoured us with the indispensable disarray of under-garments. This union of gaiety, mechanical appliances, and unaffected manners may not be to the taste of the censors who deplore the costumes and upholstery of the modern Parisian spectacle; but, as an example of the philosophic realism attained by dramatic art in Paris, it need not inspire moody reflections, even when assisted by the cigars of the Café de la Paix.

There is the same pioneering spirit in the revue, as the topical burlesque is called in Paris. Some of our critics at home are cast down because nothing flourishes on the London stage like the musical farce; but in Paris, at this moment, the serious drama does not exist. A new play at the Théâtre Français was hooted on the second night; experiments in social portraiture are believed to have no chance without the omnipresent bed; and the revue is the kind of satire which appeals most strongly to the countrymen of Molière and Beaumarchais. At the Scala music-hall there is a hotch-potch of humours aimed at the vanities of the hour. It pleases the Parisians just now to make game of detectives, who are accordingly held up to the sort of withering ridicule which is the traditional portion of our police in the harlequinade. At the Scala there is a bridal procession, the wedded pair being detectives in disguise, the bride showing a strongly marked moustache through her veil. This is pointed out by a passing vagabond, to the uproarious delight of the house Then a man and woman, with large Jewish noses, are attacked by vagabonds, and compelled to strip, disclosing gigantic coronets on their linen, the inevitable linen; and this is treated as a scathing exposure of Hebrew devotion to titles and dignities. Nothing quite so childish in the way of popular wit can be seen at an East-End music-hall. But the real strength of the Scala is Yvette Guilbert, high priestess of the realism which sets a taper in the unconscionable nose of my porcine match-box. When Yvette next visits the temple of song in Leicester Square, she will not, I fancy, sing "Les Jeunes Mariées." The words of this ditty would baffle the most consummate artist in discreet circumlocution; and the dramatic point with which they are sung signalises the triumph of frankness over innuendo. The lady in the anecdote who said "Get along with your double intenders!" would have no reason to complain of anything equivocal in Yvette Guilbert's latest masterpiece.

And yet there is realism in Paris of quite a romantic order. The papers are full of eloquent appeals to literary gentlemen to buy their boots from Jacques Le Lorrain, poet and shoemaker. This unfortunate child of literature has served a long and bitter apprenticeship to the Muses. For fifteen years he has been striving to live by his pen; he has now abandoned the hopeless effort, and has manfully taken up his father's trade. For fifteen years he studied the natural sciences; he was even a swordsman and an expert on the bicycle; and the end of it is a dramatic and piquant illustration of the lesson that the cobbler ought to stick to his last! So the poets of Paris are begged to patronise the shop of the cobbler-laureate, who can mend their shoes, and possibly their verses. As I regard my monumental waiter of the Café de la Paix, I am inclined to say to him, "Take back your yellow pig. After all, the true symbol of realism, of honest industry and unlucky genius, is the shoe made by the bard who knows by experience where it pinches"; but I fear the waiter would regard this with stony pity as the romantic aberration of the stranger who is unfamiliar with Paris.

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And so time hangs rather heavily on your hands, does it? (My God, if I could only bear your sickness and weariness for you!) You do not get stronger; oh, but I hope you are mistaken. Summer is coming soon, and the warmer days will do great things for you. (I am strong, soon, and the warmer days will do great things for you. (I am strong, and yet I go South in the winter, and you must stop here and die by inches at your office-desk. If I could only put some of my abounding life into your veins, I should die happy, dear, instead of living sorrowful.) Going to be married next August? Oh, but that is good news indeed, and I wish you all happiness. Do I know the lady? (She will cheat me of the little time left to us; but if she makes your few months glad, I will forgive her, my darling.) Oh, Ada Cromwell; yes, I know her pretty well. I hope and believe that you will be very happy. You will be seeing her to-day, perhaps? Give her my love, please. (As if I had it to give away again.) Good-bye! I hope we shall meet again soon: and do nurse that cough of yours more hope we shall meet again soon; and do nurse that cough of yours more carefully. You must not make Miss Cromwell's season a failure through her concern for your health, you know. Good-bye again! (You to your work again, and I to my idleness. And, oh! my dearest, you can't see that my heart is breaking for want of you. Is Ada Cromwell's spell so strong?) Ah! I had almost passed you, Colonel Baynes. I must be growing short-sighted. Too much literary work? Oh, no! I am almost an idle woman now. (Can he see through my veil that I want to go home and cry, I wonder?) Yes; there is almost the feel of spring in the air. Oh, the violets on my muff! Are you so fond of their scent? I think I hate them. I am too happy to care for the smell of violets hidden in the green; besides, I am growing old, and violets and cowslips hope we shall meet again soon; and do nurse that cough of yours more hidden in the green; besides, I am growing old, and violets and cowslips belong to babyhood, don't they? Red earth and wet grass and Devonshire lanes, things we grow away from, somehow or other, when one gets used to the long trail—I mean, life in London. (If only he would go away, and not look at me so kindly: I will not be pitied!) Primroses, of course, one is always in tune with, especially when one's mankind are all Conservatives. Such a pity Sir Julius lost his seat! . . . Did you know the other man? Yes? Then bring him to one of my "Sunday Afternoons." I adore success; every woman does. It is mine, like all other good gifts? You are very gallant, Colonel Baynes, but I wonder if you've read "The Blue Rose." I thought not—my poor little book! if you've read "The Blue Rose." I thought not—my poor little book! Oh, don't apologise; it isn't milk for babes exactly, you know. And I must really go now, for I have to drop in at the Scribes' house-tea—really yes! Will you call me a hansom? Thanks so much, and good-bye. The Scribes', driver, as quick as you can. (Better go there and gossip my nerves down; if I am quiet I shall cry, and red eyes won't go well with my gown for Lady Maryon's crush to-night. Besides, Ada Cromwell is sure to be there, and I want to study her a little. I might put her into my next book, "A London Circe." But I won't wear the pale-blue gown to-night, after all. That's a girl's colour, and I am woman grown. Oh, Willie, Willie!)

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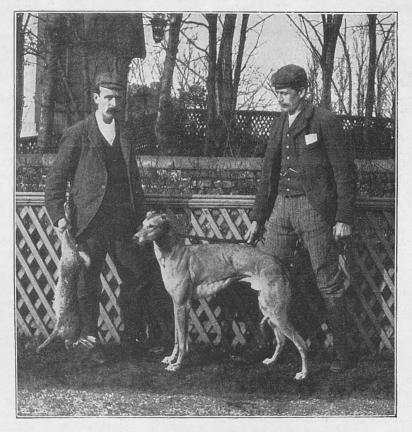
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March 4, 1896.

WINNER OF THE WATERLOO CUP.

The most satisfactory feature in connection with the Waterloo Cup to old coursers was the fact that the Messrs. Fawcett had won. Time after time these plucky supporters of this field-sport had seen the coveted Cup almost within their grasp, only to be flung out of reach again, as their dogs Faster and Faster and Fitz-Fife each succumbed in the final to the mighty Fullerton, while Fortuna Favente went down before Thoughtless Beauty last year in the last trial. This season, Fortuna Favente again took part in the Cup contest, but private spins led to the belief that Fabulous Fortune was slightly the better of the pair, although opinion was divided on the matter. Public running showed that the home trial was correct, as Fabulous Fortune ran a brilliant dog, defeating some smart animals in the first and second rounds. Then he, in succession, beat High Dappley Moor and Utopia, the last victory entitling him to compete in the final against Wolf Hill. A blunder on the part of the latter



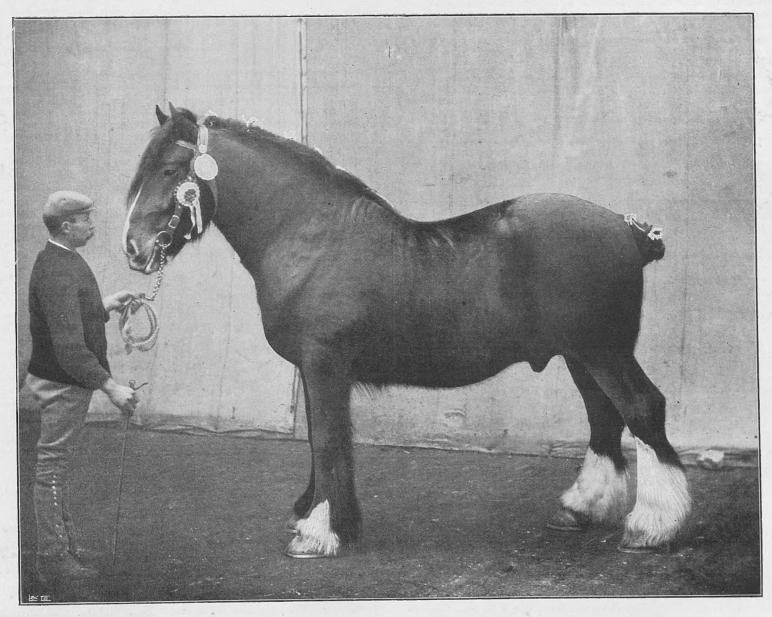
"FABULOUS FORTUNE," WITH HIS TRAINER, TOM WRIGHT.

Photo by Sandbach, Liverpool.

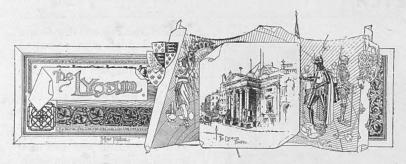
enabled the Fawcett dog to win easily; but all who witnessed the course were of opinion that Fabulous Fortune would have won, with something to spare, even had the Irish dog stood up. The dog weighs 65 lb., has a splendid head and neck, good racing-shoulders, deep brisket, with a beautiful loin and rare propelling-power from the thigh. He was trained by Tom Wright, and is a son of Herschel.

A SHIRE CHAMPION.

Lord Belper's stallion Rokeby Harold has again been judged Champion at the Shire Horse Show, carrying off the hundred-guinea challenge cup. Rokeby Harold is a four-year-old, sired by the famous Harold, and he has had a wonderfully successful career. Apropos of agricultural shows, it may be noted that the Great Northern Railway Company have issued a handy and compendious list of the principal agricultural shows to be held throughout the country during the year 1896, and to and from which they carry. Their representatives will attend on the various show-grounds.



LORD BELPER'S CHAMPION STALLION "ROKEBY HAROLD," FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HENRY R. GIRBS, KINGSLAND ROAD, N.



" FOR THE CROWN."

One may contentedly join in the chorus of praise of John Davidson's version of François Coppée's superb play without forgetting to utter a word of regret that "Michael and his Lost Angel" should have proved such a lamentable failure. Of course, I do not mean to suggest that there is any comparison between the two dramas, for, in fact, they have no common ground. Yet, to me, there seems no need to exult over the failure of the realistic in order to rejoice in the triumph of the romantic. Coppée has written a really notable romantic piece, and has been so fortunate as to find in John Davidson a man capable not only of turning the admirable French verse into powerful, dignified, unpretentious English, but also of making modifications consonant with the original scheme of the piece, and necessary for our audiences. More even than that, without irreverence, the English writer has made slight changes that have much improved the play.

Those who know the French work must have felt that there was something inconsistent with the noble character of Constantin in his consenting to act as eavesdropper, even spy. It is curious that the French author did not perceive how, by the simple device of causing Constantin to believe that treason menaced his country, and yet remain incredulous as to his father's guilt, not only is eavesdropping rendered unnecessary, but there is even a finer note of tragedy in the visit of the young man to the Pass of Trajan's Arch, when he, certain of treason, is yet hoping almost without hope that the traitor is not his father. To many, if not all, the author of "Scaramouch in Naxos," or "Smith: A Tragic Farce," by his handling of this part of the piece has shown himself a real dramatist. It is a very difficult task to make additions to speeches or scenes written by another man, without unconsciously writing something that jars. Obviously, it has been pointed out to the adapter that it was of immense importance something should be done to lengthen and invigorate the part of Militza, and I think that the way in which he has amplified the love-scene which gives beauty to the first part of the last act entitles him to great praise. The skill with which, by speeches concerning love and death, he anticipates and strengthen's Militza's lines—

I am love itself, more venturous than hate, Stronger than justice—

is very remarkable, though I am not quite sure that one speech was easy to follow. His wisdom in not insisting, like the French author, that Constantin and Militza should directly agree that their love must be passionless, is obvious to all.

However, I am tired of such mild praise as this, and anxious more expressly to declare that "For the Crown" is an admirable version of a great play, and I greatly regret that I have no copy of the English piece, so as to be able to make a more detailed comparison—to be able, also, to quote some splendid lines, such, for instance, as the phrases about the sun and its fearful impartiality, which do not seem to have been even suggested by the French poet. It has been said that the success of the play is doubtful, seeing that the subject is patriotism rather than love; that the scenes between Militza and Constantin, even as amplified, strike one as to some extent forced into the piece, and not really of it. Yet to me it appears that, at a moment when "Dr. Jim's" journey to Bow Street is a kind of ovation, and almost a triumph, when the nation is prepared to spend large sums upon the Navy, and recruits can be had for the asking, it should be no drawback that patriotism is the motive of the play. It may not be easy for the average man, in the the motive of the play. It may not be easy for the average man, in the unromantic clothes of to-day, to imagine himself a Constantin, robed splendidly, or to conceive that he ever may be called upon to put an end to the existence of his father in order to protect our Fatherland. And yet one can hope and think there are many whose pulses will not be sluggish during the tremendously dramatic scene between the young hero and his guilty father, a scene whose motive is not unknown to the student of the printed drama, though it has not actually been upon the boards for many years.

It is curious how one is reluctant to find flaws in work of such quality. I had a positive feeling of shame when, during the magnificent third act, the thought insisted on forcing itself into my mind that it was hardly to be believed such a General as Michael Brancomir would have left but one watchman to guard the beacon upon whose timely warning hung the fate of Christendom; and even now I feel half ashamed at having referred to the fact, yet I could have wished that one of the two poets had thought it worth his while to consider somewhat more nicely the probabilities of the position.

The important thing is that we really have a thrilling play, written beautifully, acted admirably, and mounted superbly. One could wish to wield the pen of a descriptive art-critic to speak of the scenery and of the costumes. Technical words for describing the articles of clothing fail me, and I can but vaguely say that from first to last there were presented exquisite moving pictures, delightful in wealth and harmony of colour, remarkable for the way in which costumes gorgeous in barbaric splendour melted into the actual stage setting.

The acting leaves little room for discussion. I have always been a great admirer of Forbes-Robertson, have seen nearly all his work for not a few years, yet never witnessed anything so fine in him as his presentation of the patriot parricide. His picture of remorse, his prayer for a sign of approval from heaven, justify the use of the hackneyed word "harrowing," while the too-brief love-scene with Militza is really beautiful. Never has his lovely voice been better advantaged than in the admirable speeches of the part, never his presence more striking than as the self-sacrificing hero. His Constantin will be remembered by the playgoer as one of the really magnificent things in his recollection. For years past I have expected Mr. Charles Dalton to do something of value, but, save in "The Lady from the Sea," where he was excellent, I have not seen him in any part of value. His Michael justifies my judgment, since it was an excellent, impressive performance in a very difficult part. I faney that he, and almost only he, would be able to give to the part of the King in "Hamlet" the importance that it has in the book, but not, as a rule, upon the stage. Mrs. Campbell was really delightful as Militza, and made one regret sincerely that the part was not longer. The acting of Miss Winifred Emery was able, and one can hardly blame her for the fact that the style and physique which have given her noteworthy success in utterly different parts did not quite carry her to triumph as the Lady Macbeth of the Balkans. The heavy labours of stage-management told somewhat on the voice of Mr. Ian Robertson, but his work as the priest-king was very impressive.

"THE ROMANCE OF A SHOPWALKER," AT THE VAUDEVILLE.

It may fairly be imagined that the new piece by Mr. Robert Buchanan and Miss Harriet Jay has been written actually for Mr. Weedon Grossmith. The part of Timothy Tomkins has, apparently, been drawn purposely to exhibit his peculiar gifts, and, in consequence, he is interesting and amusing throughout the evening. It is also true, however, that, while the actor seems to have "got into the skin of the part," he does not quite get hold of its heart, and, in consequence, his scenes of love, passion, and renunciation were not very effective—were, indeed, slightly amateurish and uninteresting, while there was hardly enough "lift" in his emotion at the end of the first act. Nevertheless, his suggestions and manner and character were remarkably clever, and he showed most ingeniously how the airs and graces of the shop clung to him even after he had cut the Bon Marché.

A somewhat curious question may be asked in relation to the piece. In it a somewhat merciless exhibition of the manners and unconscious humours of the shopkeeping class: a large proportion of the audience must come from this class. Does this large proportion laugh at Mr. Grossmith, regarding his work as mere caricature, or are its withers wrung at all? I fancy that, if I were a respectable young shopwalker, and not a poor devil of a critic, I should squirm a little at the obsequious politeness of Tomkins, and at his Bon Marché bows and gestures, unless, of course, they seemed natural and proper to me, and, therefore, not at all amusing. Of course, we are all like the Pharisee, strangely ingenious in not perceiving the fact that we have ourselves the faults we see in others. Certainly I know one man of letters who makes fun out of the social solecisms of others, and yet has himself no better manners than the pig that he imitates in mode of eating—No, I am unjust to the pig! it does not take pieces off its plate with its fingers, or do Cinquevalli feats of balancing peas on its knife before putting them and their dangerous vehicle into its mouth.

I was surprised, when speaking of the play, to hear one critic, usually severe and not easily entertained, say that he found it rather amusing, and another of the unholy fraternity call it a "record of ineptitude." It shook my views. I had found the first act funny, the second act dull, and the third half-and-half, and so began to wonder whether the want of ingenuity should have stayed my laughter at the beginning, or whether the heavy love-comedy scenes really possessed a subtlety and skill that I had overlooked, wherefore I am in a state of pure perplexity. The audience, however, had no doubts, for it seemed to be amused from first to last, and it even found laughter for a famous old joke about the fact that it is not money, but the want of it, which is terrible.

It is a pity that some of the minor parts were not more developed. Miss Nina Boucicault promised to be amusing, but her chance never came, and the charming, clever young actress had her efforts unrewarded. Mr. Sydney Brough popped in and out without getting a scene. On the other hand, Miss May Palfrey had a somewhat overburdening part, and, though she played pleasantly, did not make the most of her chances. Mr. David James, no longer, alas! "junior," had a good part, and played ingeniously; and work of some skill was done by Mr. Sydney Warden and Mr. Volpe.

NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the offices of the International News Company, 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York; and in Australasia, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, New Zealand.

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The first Drawing-Room of the Dublin season attracted a great crowd of smartly dressed women. Lady Helen Stewart figured in a lovely dress of ivory duchesse satin; the Countess of Essex wore eau-de-Nil duchesse satin, veiled with net spangled with rows of silver sequins; Lady Norreys affected a pale-pink satin jupe, veiled with pink chiffon, embroidered with chatelaines of red poppies and foliage. Lord Alexander Cadogan, the youngest son of the Viceroy, figured as a page. He is just twelve and is a handsome boy.

What promises to be, from many points of view, an interesting matinée will be given at the Comedy Theatre to-morrow week in aid of Lady Jeune's Country Holiday Fund. Mrs. W. K. Clifford will be one of the two playwrights on the occasion, Mrs. Hugh Bell, already known by some graceful drawingroom comedies and a novel, "The Story of Ursula," being the other. The triple bill will consist of "A Honeymoon Tragedy," by Mrs. Clifford, a one-act comedietta, in which we shall have the pleasure of seeing that too-little-seen pleasure of seeing that too-little-seen actress, Mrs. Herbert Waring; "Blue or Green," and "The Bicycle," for which Mrs. Hugh Bell has been fortunate in securing the services of Miss Beatrice Herford, the clever young monologist, and Mr. Charles Hawtrey, to say nothing of other well-known people.

I hear that the parents of Prince Henri d'Orléans are busily engaged in seeking him a suitable wife; further, that the King of the Belgians is being sounded on the subject. The recent royal wedding has brought the Belgian royalties even nearer than they were before to the Orléans family, and King Leopold would be delighted to find an energetic kinsman willing to assist him in the Congo. Princess Clementine is extremely limited in her choice, and is very French in sentiment. It is said that the youthful Duchesse de Vendôme, first cousin to both the young people in question, has set her heart upon the match. Meanwhile, Prince Henri is receiving quite an ovation.

It is a pity that more pains have not been taken with the details of the 'living pictures' now forming one of the attractions of the Aquarium programme. The "pictures," which include several of the late P.R.A.'s best-known works, and some really delightful Dickensonian studies, are distinctly good, but, perhaps in a measure owing to the nearness of the stage to the audience, it is difficult to be under any illusion as to the flesh-tints of the nymphs,

as to the flesh-tints of the nymphs, bathers, and other modified examples of "the altogether." Where the fleshings begin and end is painfully apparent in several of the most successful groups. By the way, I noticed that the counter-By the way, I noticed that the counter-feit presentment of Miss Birdie Suther-land, executed "from the original," aroused great enthusiasm, and is certainly an excellent likeness. The "living pictures" are preceded by some wonder-fully clever acrobatic feats, executed by the Sisters Fitzroy.

Melody. That is the capital name for the sixpenny new musical magazine which has just appeared. Printed cn stout paper, it contains fifty-six pages full sheet-music size. The contributors to the first number of *Melody* include Charles Gounod (posthumous work), Gabriel Fauré, Benjamin Godard, Dr. Bridge, G. H. Clutsam, Lawrence Kellie, Tito Mattei, A. J. Caldicott, J. M. Coward, A. Goring Thomas, May Ostlere, F. E. Weetbeeler, and Clement, Scott, while Weatherly, and Clement Scott, while some valuable notes and criticisms upon recent events in the musical world appear from the pens of Mr. Joseph Bennett and Mr. R. S. Hichens.

In reference to an article in these pages recently on the Sultan, the writer spoke of Kiamil Pasha, Prime Minister, as "a Jew of Cyprus." This, a Cyprus correspondent informs me, is incorrect. Kiamil Pasha is a Muslim, and his family and ancestors have always professed that faith. The father of Kiamil Pasha was an officer of Artillery, named Hassan Agha, who retired with the rank of Major (Bingbashi), and was descended from one of the Turkish conquerors of the island.



LORD ALEXANDER CADOGAN.





LADY NORREYS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAFAYETTE, DUBLIN.

LADY ESSEX.

One of the pleasantest art "functions" of the year is the Langham Club "Smoke," where you may meet a large proportion of the able younger artists of London, listen to a capital entertainment of a miscellaneous order, and look at, and buy, if you choose, a number



of remarkably clever sketches-to complete the catalogue, I should add, and have plenty of beer, bread, cheese, celery, and whisky. For there is no swagger about the club. Men go on Friday evenings to the Langham to sketch and to have the benefit of one another's criticism, and scores of artists have learnt at the candid club a good deal of the knowledge that has pushed them on in the art-world. I might mention, almost sub rosa, another factone or two men that I know have kept the wolf from the door by selling on the Friday evenings, to their fellow-workers, the sketch done in the hour.

The one fault of the "Smoke" is its excessive popularity. It is so well attended

that you can see the artists more easily than their art, and to form a real general view is impossible. The thing that strikes the critic is the strength and freedom of the sketches; one feels strongly the curious fact that the so-called finished work of many artists gives little idea of their gifts. In my few remarks about individual pictures, I wish it to be noted that I speak without prejudice to those whose works I did not and could not see. Some very clever sketches by J. W. Manuel, Lewis Baumer, and Eckhardt were on the walls. There were some capital Dudley Hardys, chiefly of Oriental subjects, though the most charming was an oil-sketch of a girl and cows in the gloaming. Cecil Aldin had a grim, ingenious snow-scene, with an old man, a dog, some crows, and a gibbet. There were some charming land- and sea-scapes by Walter Fowler, and a very pretty mere scene by Edward Reed took my fancy. W. A. Breakspear and W. D. Almond, members of the committee, were well represented by excellent work.

John Bull is still being cartooned by the American comic papers. The accompanying reproductions of two of the most recent ones show in what esteem we are held at present over the way. The Judge cartoon is exceedingly interesting. It commemorates Washington's birthday, and represents the Truthful George as asking us to look on the pictures of two centuries. That on the left, date 1776, shows how the Eagle pulled the Lion's ear, and the American citizens giving their private fortunes to help Uncle Sam. In 1896, on the other hand, we see the United States Ambassador to England engaged in patting the British Lion, while the stock brokers of Wall Street are picking Uncle Sam's pockets. Perhaps we are entitled to retort that Ambassador Bayard, like Mr. Lowell and other Ministers who have gone before him, knows more about England than the shricking Jingoes in the States.



WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

Reproduced from "Judge," by permission

The loafing, tramping, vagrant portion of the community has produced a poet. He has summed up the religion of himself and his brethren in the following pithy stanza, which was copied from the wall of a vagrant ward in a country workhouse—

Here lies a poor beggar who always was tired, For he lived in a world where too much is required; Friends, grieve not for me that death does us sever, For I'm going to do nothing for ever and ever.

The children of Wapping and Shadwell and St. George's-in-the-East, if not very happy in their surroundings when they are well, are, at any rate, made comfortable when they are ill, if they are so fortunate as to get a bed in one of the pretty wards of the East London Hospital for Children. This hospital was founded in 1868 by Dr. Heckford—in a room in a warehouse at Ratcliff Cross, where he was able to take in ten little patients—and has now grown to ten times its original size. It has 102 beds, besides an enormous number of out-patients. The wards have been closed for some time, in order to carry out some sanitary improvements and other alterations, and the reopening, which took place last week, was a very gala occasion. The Duchess of Albany, who performed the ceremony, kindly went through all the wards, stopping to say a word of sympathy at every little bed, whose immates were evidently much excited and delighted at the visit of her Royal Highness. The wards had been decorated in a most artistic manner, and were bright with flowers, and, contrasting them with the close and squalid houses of Cable Street and Ratcliff Highway, one felt that even sickness had some compensation.

I recently noted that the little son of burly Mordecai Sherwin, the ex-Notts wicket-keeper, had joined the ranks of professional entertainers;

and now two daughters of the Leicestershire cricketer, Warren, are appearing successfully as duettists on the local boards. Consistently close is the connection between Sport and Stage.

It is curious what a rooted dislike the English colonist in South Africa has to the Boer. In Natal, I believe, this is particularly the case, and, years ago, I remember hearing an English settler, who has spent the greater part of his life in that Colony, compare his Zulu neighbours very favourably with his Dutch. The dislike appears to be hereditary, for, only a



JOHN BULL.

Reproduced from "Puck," by permission.

few days since, I had a letter from this gentleman's little daughter, in which she says: "We have all been well out of the Transvarl affair, and are flourishing, but father's farm is covered with locusts; horrible-looking things they are, and their odour is dreadful. I wonder which you would think worst in Old England, locusts or Boers?" This little lady, born in Natal, has evidently the same antipathy to the Dutch settler which we see displayed by Mr. Rider Haggard and notice in many another Englishman who has sojourned in South Africa.

A friend of mine, who has just returned from a fortnight's fishing in Scotland, tells me that on one of the evenings of his stay at a Buchan village he patronised a performance of "Rob Roy," and had three hours' most exquisite fun. Original readings were the order of the night. The title-rôle was taken by the local blacksmith, who announced his approach with the cavernous growl of "I awm Robe Roy." "A simple maid of sweet sixteen" was cast for Helen Macgregor; her every speech was delivered with an ingenuous blush that disarmed criticism, and her embracing of the stalwart Rob was roof-lifting, for she looked over his shoulder at the audience with a giggle of self-satisfaction. But the hit of the evening was the Bailie Nicol Jarvie, played by the local champion swimmer. This gentleman is the holder of a number of medals for his aquatic skill, and these he bore bravely displayed on the breast of his George I. coat! This, I suppose, was done out of sheer contempt of the Dugal Cratur's "Come awa' an' pe troon't, pailie."

The New York Shakspere Society have made all the necessary arrangements for the erection of a bronze statue of Edgar Allan Poe in one of the local parks near to the unhappy genius's old home. This will be the first statue of Poe erected in his native land, and the designs for it have been prepared by William Ordway Partridge, the sculptor, who is taking vast pains over what should be a fine piece of work. Poe is represented as sitting in an arm-chair, in what is thought to have been his favourite attitude, with his head supported by his right arm, of which the elbow rests upon the corresponding arm of the chair, and with the fingers of his left hand just touching the thigh.

A few days ago I was driving through a very pretty village in the county of Kent, and the idea of luncheon took possession of me opposite the best hostelry in the place. They treated me well, and I strolled out afterwards, to see the gee-gee put into harness again, in a frame of mind almost scraphic. A beggar with a placard, "Blind," on his chest, was ill-treating a violin, and a little boy, with something like a double cockleshell, was soliciting the few passers-by. He came up to me, and, being heavily burdened with copper coinage, I put most of my stock into the shell. As the coins clinked, the beggar's violin-bow seemed to scream with joy from out the depths of "Il Trovatore," upon which it committed execution, and I said to myself, "Instinct teaches the poor blind beggar that he is the recipient of the price of several half-pints." Then I turned round the corner, and, putting my hand in another pocket, found two more pence. I thought of the poor, suffering man to whom the sunlight was invisible, and retraced my steps, walking on soft grass, that gave no sound. Just as I turned the corner, that beggar-man said to the boy, "Take care of the shell, Tom; you'll drop it if you do that." Some few yards from the fiddler, the boy was balancing the shell on one finger. I then trod

climbed along the hedge by the station-master's garden, to look down the line after the departing train. Round the corner came a cheery-looking old pedlar who walked lame. "Well," he called out to the pennywhistler, "how's business?" "Brisk," said the sightless one; "a younker giv' me a bob this mornin'. But I see your leg's no better." So saying, he got up and went with the pedlar in the direction of the Bull and Calf. I thought that the heavens would fall, but they remained standing; that the earth would swallow the blind man up, but it apparently was not having any. And thus my faith in humanity was destroyed.

The days of the free and irresponsible "busker" are numbered, in Eastbourne at any rate. Following on a well-thought-out line of policy, the authorities of that South Coast watering-place are now advertising for tenders for a limited number of "pitches," or stands, on the foreshore during the season. This applies to photographers as well as to performers; but I am thinking especially of the merry exponents of negro minstrelsy and the troupes of professional comedians who eke out

Pistol (Mr. Berman).

Nym (Mr. H. C. Hamilton).

Slender Host of the Garter Mistress Quickly Mistress Page (Mr. Croker-King), (Viscount Suirdale), (Mrs. Copieston), (Mrs. Rutty).

Sir Hugh Evans (Mr. Lee).



Bardolph (Mr. E. A. Belcher).

Sir John Falstaff (Mr. J. Hearn)

Mistress Anne Page (Miss Braithwaite).

Master Page

"THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR," AT OXFORD.
FROM AN ELECTRIC LIGHT PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES SOAME, JUN., OXFORD.

heavily on the ground, and observed to that musician, "It is a pity you are deaf, as well as blind." "Well, sir," he said, without a blush, "it's very hard to get a living." I agreed with him, and held out the twopence. "Pardon me, sir," he said; "give it to my boy, it looks better." And he returned to Verdi's masterpiece.

Nowadays we are so accustomed to shams of every sort that such an incident as the one I have just described does not surprise people. It is not the first time I have been "had" by a poor blind man. When I was about seven years old a bitter experience came upon me. I used to walk to the country railway-station in the morning with my father, and outside the little approach a blind beggar used to sit and perform on a penny whistle. His audience was small and fleeting, but the few travellers by the morning trains were apparently charitable. One day I received a bright new shilling, and, in the excitement of the moment, was taken with a bad fit of charity. I would give it to the beggar, and the Recording Angel should enter the gift on the credit side of my moral ledger. I slipped it into his little tin box, lagging behind my father so that he should not see the act and reward it on the spot. I wanted to have something safe for the hereafter, which, my nurse had told me, consisted mainly of fire and brimstone. The train went off, and I

an existence by "busking" during the summer months. Possibly they may object to this Eastbourne tax, but then, hawkers and other itinerant folk have to pay for licences.

Some time back I called attention to the recitals given at Queen's Hall by that powerful tragédienne Miss Bateman (Mrs. Crowe), and at present she is giving another series at Steinway Hall, the last two of the four being fixed for March 7 and 14. Miss Bateman's programmes are celectic, thus affording her scope for the display of her versatility, and among the specially interesting items chosen by her are Browning's "Abt Vogler," a poem in which she excels, "How they brought the good news from Aix to Ghent," "The Parting of Arthur and Guinevere," from the "Idylls of the King," and scenes from "Macbeth." To listen to Miss Bateman is a liberal education in the matter of distinct and forcible clocution, and Mr. Hermann Vezin, and at least one other veteran actor, were among the most keenly interested auditors at the opening recital.

The latest project in which the illustrious Colonel W. F. Cody, otherwise Buffalo Bill, has a hand is a colossal scheme for irrigating a large tract of land in arid Wyoming.

The Pierrot Banjo Team, which has won its way into public favour, had, like many other successful enterprises, a very humble and almost unintentional beginning. In 1891, the small party, consisting of three Pierrots and a Pierrette, went down to Henley for the regatta week, with the idea of having an enjoyable outing and making their expenses. The venture proved so successful that they required little or no encouragement to go on to Cowes, where they performed before the Prince of Wales. A gentleman who had been a constant attender at Cowes for sixteen years, after watching one of the little entertainments, suggested that the troupe ought to take a boat and go and screnade the royal yacht Osborne. Accordingly, the next day, they rowed out and asked if they might give a performance on board. They obtained leave to give the entertainment on deck while the royal party were having dinner in the saloon. Soon after they started the Prince gave orders for the saloon windows to be opened, and since then they have performed on board twice by royal command. The Isle of Wight is their summer resort. The members of the troupe are Mr. Clifford Essex (Pierrot I.), Mr. Pepper (Pierrot II.), Miss Dewhurst (the Pierrette), and Mr. James Blakeley (Pierrot III.). The entertainment is certainly one of the best of its kind that I have ever had the pleasure of witnessing, and is full of life and "go" from beginning to end. There is not one dull moment, and, what is more, it is "funny without being vulgar."

On Friday next the Lord Mayor will preside at the Mansion House over the first meeting of the Honorary Council of the International Horse and Horseless Carriage Exhibition that will be held during the forthcoming season at the Crystal Palace. This exhibition is a very important one, and will illustrate all methods of conveyance, from the earliest times to the present. It is too early in the day for me to give full details of the twelve sections of which the show will consist, but, dealing as they will with ancient and medieval conveyances and caparisonments of every kind, military transports, and vehicles propelled by electricity, it is safe to say that the interests of every class of spectator will be catered for. The Lord Mayor will be the president, and the list of patrons contains the names of the Marquis of Lansdowne, the Earls of Shrewsbury and Lonsdale, Viscount Wolseley, Lords Charles and William Beresford, Lord Hothfield, Sir Savile Crossley, and Sir Redvers Buller. While writing of the Crystal Palace, I am glad to be able to say that the attendance at the Saturday Concerts shows a marked improvement, while, under Mr. Manns, the concerts themselves retain their pristine excellence.

Amelic Rives (Mrs. Chanler), the clever authoress of "The Quick or the Dead," has just become Princess Troubetzkoy. The wedding, which took place at Charlottesville, Virginia, was a very quiet affair, the ceremony being performed by a Church of England elergyman, who, like the bridegroom, is a Russian. I believe the Prince (who was recently interviewed in these pages) and Princess will reside in London.



PRINCESS TROUBETZKOY.

Photo by Russell Baker Street, W.

I have to congratulate Messrs. Methuen on their edition of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall." The circumstances of its appearance are extraordinary. One would have expected the Pitt or Clarendon Press to



THE PIERROT BANJO TEAM.

Photo by Arthur Weston, Newgate Street, E.C.

undertake the work, not a young firm of publishers. That they have not done so seems to show that the Oxford dons of to-day may deserve the character that Gibbon gave them a hundred and forty years ago when he spoke of the Fellows as "decent, easy men." The book has had to be published, then, by a young firm of publishers, it is edited by a Dublin professor, and printed (excellently) in far-away Aberdeen, which the Romans probably never saw any more than they knew Dublin. I hope to have more to say on this new edition. Meanwhile, let me make merry in this wise—

Who pictured Rome's colossal fall,
And told the tragic story,
In vain on Oxford men did call—
Her dons were far too hoary?
'Twas he who spurned them one and all
That did it, con amore.

Did Oxford's press of high renown
Supply the "composition"?
Did Cambridge dons in cap and gown
Give Gibbon recognition?—
A publisher in London Town
Sent forth the first edition.

The years have gone. Here's Gibbon dressed In costume à la mode O!

Nor Cam nor Isis greets the guest—

Who offers him abode O?

An infant firm whose bounteous breast

Had erstwhile sheltered "Dodo."

Do Oxford dons revise the text—
Of course, they 've often read it?
Does Cambridge long to be the next
To annotate and edit?
A Dublin prof., if oft perplext,
Performs the task with credit.

Did Mr. Henry Frowde (I mean, The Oxford Press Committee) Set up the type? Not so, I ween. The press of Pitt take pity? Nay; you've to go to Aberdeen, The famous Granite City.

It may be remembered that the bogey Bowdler deodorised (as he imagined) the immortal work, just as Chicago has been doing with the Bible, which makes me ponder—

What are the curds and what the cream?
The point might raise a libel;
But who can doubt that those blaspheme
Who Bowdlerise the Bible.

Shakspere's "Henry IV." is decidedly in the air. Besides Mr. Louis Calvert's successful revival in Manchester—the city associated with so much of his father's work—and Mr. Tree's proposed production of the play, there is Mr. Augustin Daly's promised reproduction, and it is also being staged in America by Julia Marlowe, who, like Ada Rehan, will play Prince Hal, and her husband, Robert Taber. Another work of interest in the Marlowe-Taber repertory for this season is a dramatisation of "Romola," made by the late dramatic critic of a Chicago paper.

No sooner has Mr. Calvert produced "Henry IV." than the boys of St. Augustine's College, Ramsgate, give "Henry V.," which was certainly ambitious. And yet the idea was carried into successful execution. Thanks to specially painted scenery and dresses, designed by an expert, the spectacular tradition was worthily preserved. But no work of Shakspere depends exclusively upon the costumier and the stage-carpenter for effect, and without good acting, even "Henry V.," which lends itself especially to decorative accessories, would go for nought. Fortunately, at this moment St. Augustine's can boast of a Thespian troupe of exceptional merit, and, consequently, the revival was in every respect acceptable.

To come to particulars. The King Hal of Mr. Patrick à Beckett, a son of Mr. Arthur à Beckett, of *Punch* fame, was really a performance

For the rest, now that the St. Augustine collegians have shown us that they are capable of representing Shakspere adequately, there is no reason why the practice should not grow into an annual institution. But it is not to be expected that they will always be as fortunate as on the present occasion, when their performance seemed (for reasons that may be guessed from what I have said) to be under the special protection of St. Thomas à Becket, sometime Archbishop of Canterbury.

A pretty quarrel is going on at this moment between Mr. Sydney Grundy in the *Theatre* and Mr. William Archer in the *World*. Mr. Grundy objects to the first-night audience as being unduly influenced by the impressions of Mr. William Archer. Very strongly does he object to the "dictatorial ladies and gentlemen who deal out heaven and hell, and lay down the law as though they were the leaders of some great movement, the apostles of some new exangel." Mr. Archer and his satellites, we are told, do not in the least represent the public. To all this Mr. Archer retorts in a strikingly optimist vein—as agreeable as it is unexpected. Not since Mr. Matthew Arnold bantered the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol and other Church worthies have we had such a delightful flavour of personality as this article by "W. A." in the current World. Mr. Grundy is smashed and pulverised with sufficient effect. All this makes me very much regret that the "first-night" system cannot be modified, and the relations of the Press to the stage put upon



"HENRY V." AT ST. AUGUSTINE'S COLLEGE, RAMSGATE.

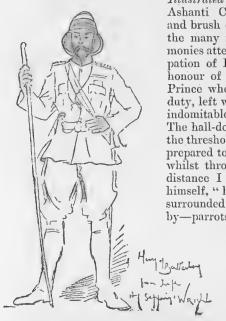
of genuine value. Judged by a standard far severer than that usually reserved for amateurs, it took high rank. The local press have been unanimous in their approval. One of the Kent critics praises the boy for his "kingly dignity"; another for "a finished and charming study most dexterously done"; a third for being "simply perfect." This chorus of commendation, although enthusiastic, is scarcely undeserved. He had none of the nervous self-consciousness of the amateur. He trod the stage "as to the manner born," spoke his lines with admirable effect, and was always in the picture. Another very successful impersonation was the Dauphin of Mr. Charles Carroll. The young player—he can be scarcely more than twelve or thirteen years old—comported himself as if he had been accustomed all his short life to wearing chain armour or silken hose. Mr. Cecil Dormer, as the King of France, had also an excellent idea of the character he was called upon to portray. Then Mr. Walter à Beckett (a younger brother of the hero of the evening) was sturdy and dignified as the Duke of Exeter—a most conscientious performance. Two more convincing ecclesiastics than Mr. John Carroll and the Count d'Oultremont as Chicheley and the Bishop of Ely could not have been found within a hundred-mile radius of the Metropolitan Archdiocese. Then Mr. Sebastian Meynell (son of Mrs. Meynell) was an excellent Fluellen, Mr. Arthur Sebeth a capable Gower, and Mr. Edgar Brindisi a worthy High Constable of France. In fact, there was not a weak point in the cast, and the tout ensemble spoke volumes in praise of the gentleman (whose name, however, did not appear on the programme) responsible for the production of the play.

a more independent basis. All the high-class papers would prefer to pay for the seats of their dramatic critics, but there seems no very palpable way of arranging the thing. I am reminded of that side of the subject by a complaint which the *Pelican* makes against Mr. C. G. Compton, of the Strand Theatre. Mr. Compton, it would seem, did not send the *Pelican* a ticket for the "first-night" performance of "On 'Change," and it hints in consequence that he therein displays an inability to deal with the susceptible journalist, ever alive to the free seat on a "first night" as part of the bargain. But I assure Mr. Boyd that he has quite misjudged Mr. Compton, who is a great deal too good a journalist himself to be guilty of any real slight on pressmen. I have no doubt that, in the varying fortunes of the Strand Theatre, a great many excellent newspapers have been omitted from the list of "first-nighters," but that is a kind of oversight which Mr. Compton may be relied upon to remedy.

Nor is the reference to that gentleman's management at the Garrick Theatre particularly happy, as it is well known that in that theatre Mr. Hare kept the control of the free list very much in his own hands, and what he thought of the Press as a whole may be fairly judged by the production of such a play as Mr. Grundy's "Old Jew." Mr. Hare, indeed, may be said largely to have failed as a manager by reason of his absolute incapacity to gauge alike the power of the Press and the relative importance of various newspapers—a mistake which is never made by such astute managers as Sir Henry Irving, Sir Augustus Harris, Mr. Beerbohm Tree, and Mr. Alexander.

MR. SEPPINGS WRIGHT.

After a climb up Harrow Hill, you follow a circuitous road, which takes you to the gate of The Hut, a quaint, artistic house, standing back from the road, in a garden which in summer is full of flowers and fruit. It is the home of Mr. Seppings Wright, the special artist of the *Illustrated London News* during the late



THE LATE PRINCE HENRY OF BATTENBERG. A Sketch from Life.

Ashanti Campaign, whose facile pencil and brush depicted with lifelike vividness the many interesting incidents and ceremonies attendant on the march to and occupation of Kumasi, and to whom fell the honour of the last sketch of the gallant Prince who, at the call of England and duty, left wife and children to meet, with indomitable pluck, a "soldier's grave." The hall-door is hospitably opened, and on the threshold stands Mrs. Seppings Wright, prepared to give you the kindest welcome, whilst through another open door in the distance I catch a glimpse of the artist himself, "hard at it for the News," and surrounded not by sketches only, but by—parrots! which have journeyed home

with him from Cape Coast Castle, and are enjoying the luxury and benefits of a huge English fire and an unlimited supply of biscuits with infinite gusto.

After Mr. Seppings Wright has given you a genuine shake of the hand, he stops a moment to pick up a taking

morsel of biscuit for an especial pet which is shortly to be transferred

to Lady Ingram's unique aviary at Westgate.

There are Ashanti drums, stools, calabashes, and curios of all descriptions about the room, while in one corner is the palette of the artist, just as he hung it up wet after his last portrait, for, though he has made so popular a name for himself as a black-and-white artist, his rôle is portrait-painting pure and simple. Even the Shah of Persia recognised the fact when the artist obtained special permission, on his last visit to England, to sketch him aboard the Victoria; for, taking the book from the intrepid young artist's hand, he "sketched himself," and presented the artist with his work, which now holds a place of honour in the dining-room, where also hang the portraits of many well-known people. It was from the brush of Mr. Seppings Wright that we received such an excellent portrait of the "Maori King."

After paying my tribute to the African arrivals, and congratulating

the artist on returning safe and sound, I remarked, "Well, you have been to 'the front' for the News; how did you like the experience?" "Immensely. The whole campaign was so picturesque. The lissom black natives, the wonderful swamps and forests, made it most interesting, though the climate was abominable."

And your impressions as to the result of the expedition?'

"Beneficial in every way. We, in taking Prempeh captive, have put an end to human sacrifice in Ashanti, and that alone was worth all the expedition. English men and women have no idea what human sacrifice and torture mean in their most abominable form. was brought out before King Prempeh and his chiefs, his hands pinioned, a stick passed through his cheeks and tongue; and then he was rolled on his back, with another stick through his arms, and small knives were stuck all over his body, to show what he might expect; then, probably, his right hand was cut off, and the blood caught in a leopard-skin bowl, which was offered as a 'fetish' to the 'gods,' and then, at last, the wretched victim was beheaded. If the expedition only stopped for ever human sacrifice, it was not in vain; but I consider that we also opened up the country for commerce, and the day we occupied Kumasi we freed thousands of slaves from the worst form of slavery. Everyone seemed pleased at the idea of being ruled by the 'just Queen-Mother.'"

"And how did the King and Queen-Mother enjoy their rôle of

captives?"

"They seemed agreeably reconciled to their lot. The King appreciated fully the first-class Army rations,' and the Queen-Mother seemed perfectly content when smoking or chewing—she is an inveterate smoker, by the way.'

"And the appearance of the King?"

"Very unwieldy. It generally took a vast number of slaves and attendants to help him up and down from his daïs, or chair. expedition was, to my mind, most successful. The only regret," continued Mr. Seppings Wright seriously, "was the lamentable death of the Prince. Only those on the march with him could appreciate his sterling kindness of heart and undaunted pluck. He went as a soldier, behaved as a soldier, and died as a soldier—if not in the heat of battle and the glory of bloodshed. He at least did not fear to lead Tommy Atkins through a country where Prince and private share alike, and find in the deadly malaria one common foe which levels all distinctions. And the Prince was beloved by all."

Mr. Seppings Wright once more concentrated his attention on his work, and the lengthening shadows left me no alternative but to go back to the station and leave him to his well-earned rest. ROY COMPTON.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

A striking characteristic of latter days in the theatre is the way in which the provinces are superseding London as the trial-places for new pieces. The change is not unnatural. The London production often means an enormous outlay, exacting criticism, a doubtful result, an elaborate east; in the provinces the mounting can be cheap, the actors moderate, and, if there be one or two "stars" in the bill, the local critics will be enraptured, and the pecuniary results, though smaller than in town, far more certain. Then, too, the local audience will come for a week in sufficient numbers to see the chief players, no matter in what pieces and with what company; when the week is over, the piece is a hundred miles away. Provincial tours, if properly organised, can be made more profitable and less risky than the average London run of a When they end in disaster is when they are organised from London by those who know only how to manage a London success.

But when a piece has conquered the provinces, and triumphed in Newcastle and Leeds, Birmingham and Manchester, and over the Border in Edinburgh and Dublin, then visions of London audiences rise before the ambitious manager, and he comes to town. Then arises the question: Shall he keep his successful provincial company or organise a fresh London cast? In the former case, he must rely on his piece and the attractions of his leading artists to make the London public and envisions account of provinces accessfully below the London public and envisions account of provinces accessed by below the London public and critics accept a rendering necessarily below the average of merit to which they are accustomed. In the latter case, the run of the piece is really broken, and the impetus that a successful play acquires Generally some compromise is come to, and the cast for the whole piece is rather better than the provinces would be content with, and rather worse than the London playgoer usually exacts.

The remarkable production now running its victorious course at the Lyric Theatre is an instance of a provincial company, on a large scale, successfully dumped down in London with hardly any apparent change. And not only has the cast an odd and unfamiliar air to London playgoers, but the audience looks strange. Seldom was there such a proportion of parsons since the clerical matinée of "Judah." I hear that members of religious organisations make up parties to go to the theatre and be impressed.

The illusion of being in church survives all the theatrical accessories. A drunken patrician and a caekling noble lady fail to cause more than a momentary impression by their intrusion of "comic relief." One Early Christian reads the lessons; a number of Early Christians, on every possible occasion, express their principles in four-part music. When their preachers are arrested and sent to the beasts, the Christian maiden Mercia (so called out of subtle compliment to the Midland counties) takes up the sermon, and, finally, Marcus Wilsonius Superbus Barrettianus, who hitherto has concealed his carnest nature under the poor pretence of being a gay Roman dog, comes out in his true limelight as an eloquent Evangelical curate, and finishes the sermon. He casafely conclude with the Benediction, and nobody would be shocked.

What does it matter that the programme reeks with inaccuracy? That Servillius, the spy, having been given an inch, has taken an *l* too much? That Berenis—surely an impossible name for a Roman lady!—is accented, with more than patrician inconstancy, on each syllable of her name in turn? Possibly Poppea (sic) refused to appear in a diphthong, but surely a somewhat questionable young lady would hardly have taken the august family name of Julia? And what hapless exercise of fancy invented such female names as Daones, or Edonic, (suggesting "'F Dunno"), or Mytelene? It does not matter. Similar slips are made weekly in the pulpit, and those who could notice them do not.

As for the critics who assailed the play, they were presumably profane persons, who could not realise that they were in a new place—that without the house was called the Lyric Theatre, but within it was that without the house was called the Lyric Theatre, but within it was the parish church of St. Barrett. Had Mr. William Archer fully comprehended this, he would hardly have used the strong language which, from anyone less amiable, would have been taken as "The Sign of the Very Cross." Mr. Wilson Barrett has his mannerisms, doubtless; what clergyman has not? But for the life of me I cannot see how Marcus and Mercia, going hand-in-hand ad leones, should be more irritating than Rosmer and Rebecca similarly devoting themselves to the mercies of the mill-dam. One pair puts up at the White Horse, the other at the Red Lion; only that one knows why Early Christians went to die, and the reasons why the Reverend Rosmer and his Rebecca went to die, and the reasons why the Reverend Rosmer and his Rebecca When Rebecca, in the Dundreariness plunged are still obscure to me." of her soul, asks, "Is it I who go with you or you who go with me?" Rosmer answers, "We shall never think that out"; and I never have. Why it should be subtle art when one pair of wearisome (unbelieving) preachers is taken by "the dead wife," and cheap elaptrap when a similar pair of religious preachers is taken by the live lions, I have never been able to see. But then I never was a critic.

Wouldst thou be the Drama's leader? Swallow Ibsen in a lump; Be thy fountain of Parnassus the Norwegian Parish Pump.

Nero persecuted Christians; now I understand his whim:

Nero was a vocal artist, and he heard their lyric hymn.

St. Sebastian call our Wilson, since we needs must dub him "Saint," For, though riddled by the Archer, he is still as fresh as paint.

MARMITON.

"ONE OF THE BEST," AT THE ADELPHI THEATRE.

Photographs by Frank Dickins, Sloane Street, S.W.

"One of the Best" is fitly named. Produced on Dec. 21, Messrs. Seymour Hicks and George Edwardes' melodrama has run to crowded houses ever since, and is likely to do so for a long time to come. The play is picturesque, for, with a keen instinct for effect, the authors decided on staging a Highland regiment, than which there is surely nothing more striking in the whole range of military uniform. They have also told a story which, if un-English, has had the advantage of actuality across the Channel, in the shape of the Dreyfus incident; and, at a time when the country palpitates with melodrama, it is not surprising that "One of the Best" should be a great success. It is somewhat curious that Mr. Terriss, the splendid hero of the piece, is the father-in-law of one of the authors, Mr. Hicks, while Mr. Edward Sass, who, as Sir Archibald M Gregor, has to pronounce sentence on the young lieutenant, is the brother-in-law of the other author, Mr. George Edwardes. Both the authors, by the way, were originally intended for the army. The semi-sympathetic heroine, Esther Coventry, is represented in the accompanying photographs by that exceedingly clever actress Miss Henrietta Watson, who undertook the part in Miss Jessie Millward's absence.

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Dudley Keppel ... Mr. William Terriss.
Philip Ellsworth ... Mr. W. L. Abingdon.
Lieut.-General Coventry Mr. Charles Futton.
Sir Archibald M'Gregor Mr. Edward Sass.
The Rev. Dr. Penrose. Mr. Julian Cross.
M. Jules de Gruchy Mr. L. Delorme.
Private Jupp.. Mr. Harry Nicholls.
Sergeant Hennessey Mr. A. W. Fitzgerald.
Corporal Smythe Mr. Mr. Richard Brennand.
Private (Hon.) Montressor Mr. Cole.
Private Snipe Mr. Webb Darleigh.
Private White Mr. Herrick.
Jason Jupp Mr. H. Athol Forde.
Esther Coventry Mrs Ethel Ostlere.
Kitty Spencer Miss Vane Featherstone.
Mrs. Spencer Mrs. Spencer.
Mrs. Hubert Carter.
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GENERAL COVENTRY (MR. CHARLES FULTON), AND SIR ARCHIBALD M'GREGOR (MR. EDWARD SASS).



ESTHER COVENTRY (MISS HENRIETTA WATSON), AND PHILLP ELLSWORTH (MR. W. L. ABINGDON).



- - ESTHER AND HER FATHER, GENERAL COVENTRY.



"I swear I am innocent!"



"God save the Queen!"



"So do I answer 'No'!"



"Oh, yes, I believe in omens."



"My sword, so long my friend!"



"I wonder if she loves me?"



"You cannot take from me my Victoria Cross."



"Going to the ball this evening."



One of the best.



"I've brought back these many little trifles."



" A letter for Miss Penrose."



"I shall get seven days for this."



"No smoking allowed here."



"Here are your love-letters."



"Won't we have some larks!"



JUPP AND THE GENERAL.
"Who's that young man?"



JUPP AND HIS MOTHER-IN-LAW.
"Haste to the wedding."



"Gents, we bows."



MARY PENROSE (MISS OSTLERE), AND HER FATHER (MR. JULIAN CROSS).
"I like Mr. Keppel very much."



LIEUTENANT-GENERAL COVENTRY AND SIR ARCHIBALD M'GREGOR.



ESTHER AND HER FATHER, GENERAL COVENTRY.



ELLSWORTH AND THE GENERAL.
"At last, you scoundrel!"



ELLSWORTH AND ESTHER.

Ellsworth in Keppel's coat.



ELLSWORTH AND THE GENERAL.

After the safe robbery.



Jason Jupp (Mr. II. Athol forde), and the penroses. $``I \ wish \ I \ wur \ full \ o' \ beer."$



THE GENERAL AND M. JULES DE GRUCHY (MR. L. DELORME).

"Do you know England well?"



PENROSE PROTECTING ELLSWORTH FROM
THE "TOMMLES."
"Don't let his blood be upon your heads."

JOURNALS AND JOURNALISTS OF TO-DAY.

LII.—THE "SPEAKER."

What an age is five years in the life of politics or of political journalism! The first numbers of the Speaker lie before me, and they have already quite an ancient look. Mr. W. H. Smith still bears, though wearily, the Ministerial harness; Bismarck is giving Lord Salisbury a lead in action on behalf of the Armenians; "a grave charge affecting his personal character and having no reference to politics has been made against Mr. Parnell"; Browning has just been laid to rest in the Abbey; "Lux Mundi" and "Fabian Essays" are fluttering the dovecotes of orthodoxy; and the devastations of the new plague, influenza, are puzzling

the specialists. How far away it all seems!

Five years ago there was less need to apologise for a new publication; but, then or now, success is the great justification. Abominate as we may the flood of periodical literature, the argument of a sufficient demand is not to be gainsaid. Even if this were the proper place, it would be unprofitable at this time of day to recount at length the circumstances of which a new sixpenny Liberal weekly review was the outcome. Two sentences of its "prologue" may, however, be revived. "Rivalry is not our object." Every old Liberal knew what that meant, and everyone who knew Sir Wemyss Reid and his collaborators knew how sincere and cordial was their remembrance of ties that antedated the great schism. "Nor will this be a free-

lance, ready to take either side for fear or favour, or without device upon his pennon." This last protestation should, however, be read in the light of Mr. Morley's summary of the Liberal position when he left the Fortnightly: "There is not, in fact, a body of systematic political thought at work in our day"; and "at the present, the only motto that can be inscribed on the flag of a Liberal review is the general device of 'Progress,' each writer interpreting it in his own sense." The passing of seventeen years has but emphasised the truth of these words, the more so that the completer disintegration of the old economics and the old philosophy has synchronised with the removal of the one supreme personality from the only Progressive party that has really caught the popular ear in Great Britain since Free Trade gave the coup-de-grace to Chartism. When the breach Home Rule was found to be final, and its full effects, especially in the Press, being felt more than ever as the inevitable day of Mr. Gladstone's retirement approached, the need in the main body of the Liberal Party of a guidance and stimulus which the few daily newspapers remaining faithful could not provide made itself painfully manifest. What was left to it of culture and worldly substance had to be rallied. The foreign sympathy which had been a mainstay of the older Liberalism

had to be informed and reconciled to the
new departure. The new panaceas had to be put to the test of expert
criticism. Liberal scholarship, evolutionary philosophy, and the crudely
vigorous "Nonconformist Conscience" had to be brought to bear more
closely upon each other. Nor were hands wanting for this work; men
of great distinction in various fields had, indeed, long groped about for a
means of expressing and discussing, not only their own best thought, but

their common ground, in a confirmed democratic sentiment.

Thus Sir Wemyss Reid was able to command what is by far the most remarkable body of writers ever marshalled in the service of a weekly review. In essentials, the finest, most typical, and most decisive force among these—after Mr. Gladstone himself—was Mr. John Morley, whose old doubts as to the use of the signed article are, unfortunately, indicated here again in the fact that he has left his own unsigned. Whoever may sit in Mr. Gladstone's old scat, Mr. Morley is his only true successor in English politics; and the same manliness and solidity, the same integrity and clearmindedness, that have given Mr. Morley his high place in the affections of Englishmen have chiefly distinguished Sir Wemyss Reid's editorial policy. From this starting-point we have an encyclopædic array of authoritative contributors, of whom there may be mentioned the following: In political philosophy and history—beside Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Morley—Mr. Bryce, Sir Henry Roscoe, Mr. Frederic Harrison, Sir Charles Dilke, Mr. Spencer Walpole; on economic and industrial subjects, Lord Playfair, the late Mr. Bradlaugh, Mr. John Burns, Sir R. Giffen, Mr. Llewellyn Smith, and Professor J. E. C. Munro; in general history, the late Professor Freeman, Dr. S. R. Gardiner, Lord Acton, Count Balzani, Mrs. J. R. Green, Professor Laughton, and Professor Tait; Mr. Knox, Sir Gavan Duffy, Mr. Barry O'Brien, and several other of the Nationalist leaders, on Irish affairs; Mr. Sidney Webb, Mr. H. W. Massingham, Lord Farrer, and Lord Hobhouse, on London problems; on constitutional

and administrative questions, Mr. Asquith, Mr. Shaw Lefevre, Lord Edmund Fitzmaurice, and Mr. T. P. Gill; Principal Fairbairn and Dr. G. A. Smith in theology; Professors Norman Lockyer, Ayrton, Howes, Hartog, Lloyd Morgan, Allbutt, and Mr. J. S. Keltie speaking for their own branches of science; and Professor G. G. A. Murray, Mr. J. S. Mann, Dr. Leary, and others for classical scholarship and history. The five continents have been laid under contribution for special correspondence; and Mr. J. S. Mann's weekly chronicle of foreign affairs has been a feature of unique value to the politician and student. On the Armenian question, Sir Wemyss Reid's unnamed correspondent in Constantinople—unnameable in the present crisis, but not to be forgotten on that account—long anticipated the daily papers, and still unweariedly appeals for pity and justice, even after four years of constant distress and disappointment.

But the Speaker was to be a review of letters and the arts, as well as of politics and science. Well, the causeries of Mr. A. T. Quiller Couch and Mr. Augustine Birrell, Mr. A. B. Walkley's playhouse studies in comparative impressionism, the unfailing gaiety of Mr. L. F. Austin—these would be normally accounted a sufficient fulfilment of the promise. But beyond them we have a line of such staunch guardians of good literature as Dr. Garnett, Mr. Henry James, Mr. Andrew Lang, Mr. Edmund Gosse, and the late Professor Minto. Better still, as the common man may say, it was here that Mr. J. M. Barrie did his first "Thrums Gossips," "Q" most of his short stories—now of world-wide fame—and Mr. Gilbert Parker, Dr. Conan Doyle, and Mr. Anthony Hope some of the first, and not the worst, of their work.

The vogue of the short story, since the Speaker gave it such a rare send-off, has become something of a nuisance and a snare, infecting hundreds of simple folk with scribbler's itch, and unfitting them for their proper domestic or industrial tasks. But of the good that has come of this invasion of the ever overcrowded journalistic field, the Speaker has had its full share. In poetry it has been less clearly pre-eminent, although the names of Mr. Davidson, Mr. William Watson, Mr. Le Gallienne, Mr. W. B. Yeats, and Mrs. Hinkson raise it well above suspicion of mediocrity.

Of course, with such breadth of subject-matter and such large personal resources, an equal excellence all round was not to be expected. Neither could a very high degree of homogeneity be reached, save under an editorial dictatorship, the idea of which would have been as intolerable to the editor as to the best of his supporters. Knowing the spheres of contemporary politics, literature, and journalism from end to end, Sir Wemyss Reid brought unique qualifications to this difficult task of binding up the loose ends of miscellaneous Liberalism; but none of them is more sure of grateful recognition from writers, and from sensible readers, too, than his preference to err, if error there must be, on the side of tolerance of individuality, whether in style or thought, rather than on that of a forced

there must be, on the side of tolerance of individuality, whether in style or thought, rather than on that of a forced uniformity. While Liberalism can maintain this perfect reliance on free debate, this generous catholicity, and this openness to new and virile influences, it need not worry about its future.

G. H. P.



SIR WEMYSS REID.

"THE EXPLOITS OF BRIGADIER GERARD."

Not since the earlier Sherlock Holmes stories has Mr. Conan Doyle given us anything so good as "The Exploits of Brigadier Gerard" (Newnes). Others may quote "The White Company" as the best of his adventure books, but these new tales impress me with a greater sense of their writer's resource and invention. They are weak, as "The Refugees" was weak, only when he brings on the scene great personages out of history, except Napoleon, of whom he gives very effective and even probable pictures. Talleyrand and Wellington and the poet Körner are all dummies, and, indeed, the minor characters, even the vain and valorous brigadier himself, are not always very lifelike. But the adventures their creator invents for them are admirable, a wild dance of desperate daring, romance, bravado, and miracles of skill and strength. "How the Brigadier slew the Brothers of Ajaceio" and "How the Brigadier held the King" are probably the best. The one is a wild invention about a plot against the Emperor by two members of a secret society; they meet him by night in the Forest of Fontainebleau, and by his arrangement meet Gerard, too, to their disadvantage. The tale is worthy of its romantic background, but it is not so thrilling as the other that describes the game of écarte played by the brigadier with the young English officer, their stake the custody of each other's person, the notable game which was interrupted by the great Duke himself. The Napoleon of the stories is the imposing and much-loved Napoleon of Berenger's songs, probably the real Napoleon of his soldiers, if not of his Ministers.

THE NEW A.R.A.'S.

I .-- MR. SOLOMON J. SOLOMON.

There is a certain express omnibus that runs every morning from St. John's Wood to the City. When the vehicle rattles into Upper Baker Street it is usually met by a horseman careering gaily towards the Wood. That early-morning rider is Mr. Solomon J. Solomon, the new



MR. SOLOMON J. SOLOMON, A.R.A. Photo by Mendelssohn, Pembridge Crescent, W.

Associate of the Royal Academy. Winter or summer, shine or shower, he begins the day with this excellent exercise, and when he arrives at his studio near the Marlborough Road Station, without waiting to change his riding-boots, he begins painting, and works steadily on till dusk.

I called upon Mr. Solomon the morning after his election. He was not working upon his new picture for the Academy, "The Birth of Love," as the day promised to be one of constant interruptions, but was contenting himself with making studies upon a small canvas of a child who was being coaxed by his mother to recline in the proper attitude who was being coaxed by his mother to recline in the proper attitude upon a sofa. It was well that Mr. Solomon had not permitted himself to be engrossed in any important work. I have never been in any studio, or house, where the bell has rung so incessantly. It pealed every ten minutes, and each opening of the door disclosed a telegraph-boy. A huge heap of telegrams and letters was piled upon a couch, and during my brief visit at least half-a-dozen were added to it. They were congratulations from fellow-artists and other friends, and it would take

the best part of a night, as Mr. Solomon remarked, to answer them all.

Mr. Solomon is thirty-six years of age. He exhibited his first picture at the Royal Academy at the age of twenty-one; but it was not till the year 1886, when he was twenty-six years old, that he came prominently before the public. His large, fine picture of Cassandra, fairest of the daughters of Priam and Hecuba, being dragged from the altar of Athene, made quite a sensation at the Academy of 1886. remember, it hung at the end of the range of rooms that stretch from Nos. 4 to 8, so that, whenever you raised your eyes, and glanced down the vista of galleries, Cassandra always met your gaze. a daring thing for a young painter to spend a year on so large a canvas, which wiseacres asserted had no chance of finding a purchaser (as a matter of fact, it did sell); but that has always been Mr. Solomon's way. He has never painted pot-boilers. Each season his attempts have been ambitious, and, as he has always put his best into every stroke of the brush, he has early reaped his reward. As the years passed, that particular position at the end of the range of galleries was recognised by various kindly hanging-committees as being his particular preserve.

In 1887 "Samson" hung there, and the Art Committee of the Liverpool Corporation came, saw, admired, and purchased. In 1888 "Niobe" occupied the position—that unhappy mother who, in maternal pride of her six sons and six daughters, ventured to compare herself with another lady whose quiver contained only two children. For this presumption Apollo and Artemis slew all Niobe's offspring with arrows, an example of lynch-law which strikes our modern sense of justice as being a little steep. Hippolyta, Queen of the Amazons, in the midst of a duel to the death with Hercules, followed, then the "Judgment of Paris," "Sacred and Profane Love," "Orpheus," and the "Echo and Narcissus" of last year. In 1893 Mr. Solomon broke into a new path, with a picture of a modern dinner-party at the house of Mr. Ernest Hart, and many notable people gathered around the board.

In addition to these, hardly a year has passed but he has exhibited a portrait. One of the most successful was that of Mr. Zangwill (an intimate friend of the painter), who owes him a debt of gratitude for advice and hints in respect of "The Master." In fact, a portion of that long but interesting novel was written in Mr. Solomon's studio. Another of his successful portraits was that of Mrs. Patrick Campbell. While absorbed in watching the development of Paula Tanqueray's fascinating character, it occurred to Mr. Solomon how much he would like to paint Mrs. Campbell. An introduction was arranged, and on fifteen occasions Mrs. Campbell journeyed to St. John's Wood to give sittings. She was painted in a room he has built in a dark corner of his studio, so arranged that the light

of day can be entirely excluded, and lamplight effects obtained on the most garish midsummer morning.

There is a general impression that Mr. Solomon is a very rapid worker. Quick he is in the mere act of painting, but I doubt if there is any other artist so exacting to dimself in the matter of line and appreciation. The applications are admissible to the line and the matter of the same of the same and the same of the same and the same of the sam composition. The quality one always notices about his work is the excellence of the draughtsmanship, but that is only gained by the expenditure of extraordinary pains. He paints and re-paints through months of labour, till, in the end, he has produced and crased some half-dozen pictures, any one of which would have satisfied a less conscientious workman. When the Academy canvas he is now engaged upon is finished, he will begin the panel for the interior decoration of the Royal Exchange which has been entrusted to him. The subject he has decided upon is "Charles I. entering the Guildhall." Mr. Solomon began to study art when he was sixteen, at Heatherley's, whence he passed into the Royal Academy Schools, there winning the Armitage Prize with a design which he afterwards worked out in his



ARTHUR HACKER, A.R.A.—SOLOMON J. SOLOMON, A.R.A.

picture "Samson." From the Academy Schools he went to Paris, to the Beaux-Arts, and, later, to Munich, returning again to the Beaux-Arts, where he studied under Cabanel.

For some years he worked in a studio close to the late Lord Leighton's, in Holland Park Road. It was not a very large apartment, and more than one Royal Academician who dropped in there expressed astonishment that he was able to paint such immense pictures in so small a studio. When working upon the top part of a canvas, it was Mr. Solomon's custom to lower the bottom of the picture through a trap-door in the floor. By temperament he is energetic and decided. He thinks that a man should make up his mind upon the principles of art, and work out those principles with all his ability and all his strength. For the new schools, with their new methods and new ideas, that spring up every second year, the disciples furiously waving the flag of some eccentric foreign master, he has small sympathy, and less approval. He continues in the way he marked out for himself at the outset of his career, which has led him, quite early in life, into the pleasant paths of success.

PAM.

She had been given in baptism the charming name of Pamela, but, by what has always been a widely prevailing feeling in these islands, that

kept in darkness concerning his movements. Then this, grimly, with a glance at a highly flattering photograph of Pam on my mantelpiece—
"That supposed to be you?"
"Yes." Pam's blush burns through her freckles, as she adds a

shocking fib-

"I don't think it's like me. D'you?"
"It's as like you as it's like me," is the answer which this meets; and then a question is asked-

"You don't happen to know at all what took your parents to town?" "No; but I'm alone at home, aunt."

"That doesn't gain by repetition, child."

A moment later I was alone with Pam.
"Isn't she caddy, now!" This was said in deep indignation. "I did so want to be invited to tea with you, and-well, I did give her two such fat hints."

"You certainly emphasised your lonely state, if that's what you mean, Pam," I replied gravely. "My feeling is that when you get home you'll find that an invitation is there for you."

A snort from Pam; then again the plotting look, then the question which invariably preceded her exit—
"D' you mind my going now?"

I did not mind.

Some three hours later Pam was anew my visitor.

"Awf'ly sorry to be here so soon again"—this kind of curiosa



SAMSON .- SOLOMON J. SOLOMON, A.R.A.

no poy or maid should be called by the name given to him or her in baptism, she was called Pam. She refused to answer to any other name, and reserved to herself the right of using, in regard to herself, the name of Pamela.

Pam's face was so densely freckled as to resemble nothing more than the shells of those eggs which are white spotted with brown. There was nothing else striking about it; yet Pam had a very striking individuality. The incident which is about to be described seems to me to bear out this statement. Pam had called upon me, having heard, as she explained, that one of her aunts intended to pay me a morning visit.

"I mean to sit her out," Pam said, "if you don't mind."

I did not mind, and had scarcely informed Pam of this fact when the door opened upon her kinswoman.

Pam's face wore the expression of one plotting. It became evident what she was plotting in the colloquy which preceded the departure of her aunt.

"How are you all at home, Pam?" that lady asked.
"We're all well," was answered; "but nobody's at home but me.
Mummy and Dada have gone out of town till to-morrow."
"Rather sudden, isn't this?"
"Dear me, no! Dada planned it a week ago."
"H'm!" Some tightening of lips on the part of Dada's sister, thus

infelicitas was common in Pam's speech; her meaning was absolutely kind—"but will you take a letter for me to Aunt? I've got myself invited somewhere else."

Yes, I'll take the letter. Have you written it?"

"No, I want you to help me write it, please. I've brought my own paper, because of the monogram. May I sit at your desk?"

"Yes; but I absolutely decline to help you write the letter."

Pam grimaced, scated herself, and spread out before her a sheet of highly glazed and highly scented paper. A deep silence, lasting for a full half-hour, supervened, then the following choice composition was submitted to my inspection-

Dear Aunt,—I have accepted another invitation, so can't accept yours, for which am awfully obliged, but can't avail myself.—Your loving niece, Pamela.

Having written this letter at her leisure—in haste was, in it, merely a conventional flower of speech—Pam, after my grave perusal of it, herself gravely perused and re-perused it, then closed it with the expressive exclamation—"E!"

I was bearer of it to her aunt, and we both laughed joyously over it. There were people who shook their heads over Pam. Speaking for myself, I can only say that she made me feel as a May morning made Chaucer feel. ELSA D'ESTERRE-KEELING.

NOVEL IN NUTSHELL.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

BY MRS. HENRY MANSERGH.



OSSIP-it's a confounded nuisance, that's what I call it! Why can't they let us alone? I am accustomed to any amount of gossip; people must have something to talk about, and I'm sure I'm delighted to be able to afford them any amusement; but when it comes to being smacked on the back and congratulated six times in one afternoon, it's coming it a bit too strong. I don't mind for my own sake—a man can look after himself-but I'm thinking of you. I was in hopes that you had not heard."

"Not heard, indeed! I had two letters this morning, and three this afternoon: four wanting to know when the wedding was to be, and the fifth from a girl asking to be bridesmaid. I am afraid to go out. People fly at me at every corner, shake my hands off, and say how delighted

they are, and how charming it is, and how they always knew it would come to this; and that we are made for one another—they never did know two people so exactly suited."

"Extraordinary! That's what they say to me. I never was so taken aback in my life. Of course, we've always been good friends, but—"

" Certainly not."

" And I don't think-

"Neither do I. It's absurd! Utter nonsense!"
"No, but really—let us have it out while we are about it. What can have given rise to such a ridiculous report? We have been a good deal together, of course, because we are in the same set, and always seem to hit it off, and you are such a jolly good dancer, and all that kind of thing; but I can't see what we have done to set people talking at this Honestly, now-I am anxious to know-did your ever imaginethat is to say, did you think-I mean, have I ever-?"

"You never have! No, Captain May, and I have never imagined! On the contrary, I don't mind admitting, now that we are upon the subject, that I have cherished a secret grudge against you because you have never given me an opportunity of refusing you. That sort of neglect rankles in a woman's mind, and now you see for yourself the awkward position in which it has placed me. When people ask if I am engaged to you, I am obliged to confess that I have never been asked. You ought to have thought of this, and provided against it. It would have been so easy some night at a ball, or in an interval at the theatre—the whole thing wight have been even in five minutes and then I should the whole thing might have been over in five minutes, and then I should have been able to say that I had refused you, and everything would have been happy and comfortable. I don't feel as if I could ever forgive you!"

"Sorry, indeed! You see I should have been most happy, only I

could never feel quite sure that you really would re-

" How odious you are! You need not have been afraid; there never was anything more certain since the beginning of the world. marry you to save my life! I would as soon think of falling in love with the man in the moon! We have always been friends, of course, but that counts for nothing. One may like a person very much, and yet find it quite impossible to go any further. I could better love a worse man!"
"Same with me! I think no end of you, but when Lewis came up

and congratulated me the other day, I was struck all of a heap. If he had said the same thing about a dozen other girls, I should have been less surprised, but it never occurred to me to look upon you in that light."

"Oh, indeed! I'm awfully obliged, I'm sure, but I don't think much of your taste. There are a dozen other men who wouldn't agree with you, that's one comfort. As I am so utterly repulsive in your eyes, I think I had better say Good afternoon' at once, and relieve you of

my presence."

"What nonsense you talk! I never said a word about your appearance that I know of. That's the worst of arguing with a woman—she flies off at a tangent, and there's no doing any good with her. I don't see why you should be offended. You seemed to think it just as impossible to fall in love with me."

"That's different-I mean, I don't care what you think; but other people think—that's to say, I have always been told—. Some people

people think—that's to say, I have always been told—. Some people think I am very nice, if you don't. I think it's perfectly hateful of you to say such things! I should like to know, just as a matter of curiosity, what it is in me you object to so much?"

"You won't like it, you know, when you do hear—you'll be in a bigger rage than ever. Much better leave it alone. Well, if you will have it, I dislike the way you do your hair. Wait a moment—it means more than you think. It is not only ugly in itself, but it shows a fatal want of perception. Your beauty—if you will allow me to say so—is of

a classic order, and if you adopted a more natural style of coiffure, your appearance would really be-er-uncommonly fetching! you persist in following a hideous exaggeration of fashion, which destroys your individuality and is utterly unsuited to your style. It seems a small thing in itself, but it has far-reaching consequences. The moment we thing in itself, but it has far-reaching consequences. The moment we meet I notice it, don't you know, and feel annoyed. The whole time I

am with you I am worrying about it. It sets up a chronic state of exasperation. Perhaps you don't understand the feeling——?"

"Oh yes, I do! Perfectly! I feel the same towards you, because you will insist on wearing enormous stand-up collars. I call that a want of perception, if you like! I wouldn't be personal for the world, but I have seen men with longer necks. When you want to speak to your neighbour, you have to twist your whole holy. It makes me die your neighbour, you have to twist your whole body. It makes me die with laughing to see you."

"Delighted to afford you so much amusement! Sorry I make myself so ridiculous! You are excessively polite, I'm sure!"

"You were a great deal worse yourself. You said that I——"

"Nothing of the kind! You misunderstood me. I simply

"Don't contradict! You said I was an ugly thing, and that it exasperated you only to see me. You did! It makes it worse to deny it. I can't think how you can look me in the face!"

"Why get excited? It's really not worth while, and you will make

yourself so hot. It's not becoming to be hot. I was about to say, when you so rudely interrupted me, that you had misunderstood the meaning of my remarks. I simply observed——"
"I don't care a little bit what you observed. I am not going to talk

to you any longer. I am going across the room to mamma. Good afternoon, Captain May. You needn't dance with me at Lady Bolton's

this evening, as my hair annoys you so much!"

"I shall ask Miss Cunliffe instead. She is a capital waltzer. Fourth and sixth, wasn't it, and mother is waiting for you at the door. the first extra? I must ask her at once, as she is so much engaged. Good afternoon then, Miss Blanchard, if you will go, and, as the good little boys say, 'Thank you so much for a pleasant afternoon!'"

ON THE WAY HOME:-HER SOLILOQUY.

"He never thought of such a thing. It never occurred to him to think of me in that light. Hateful creature! And why not, I should like to know? Doesn't he think I'm nice? . . . I never cared . . I never cared for him, but he has no business not to like me. What horrid taste! . . . And to talk of a dozen other girls! That means Lucie Charvie, I suppose, and Adeline Rowe. I have noticed that he dances with them. . . . I don't see why he should like them better than me. I'm the proticet and I can be surfally rejected I like the I. prettiest, and I can be awfully nice if I like. I have never been really nice to him—not my rery nicest, or he wouldn't have talked as he did to-day. . . . I might try the effect this evening. I meant to be offended, but perhaps the other would have more effect. I believe I'll try it. No one can ever say that I am a flirt, but there are occasions when it is a girl's duty to teach a man a lesson, and he had no business to say that about my hair. . . . I wonder if he was right? He has awfully good taste, as a rule. I believe, after all, it would be rather becoming. . I'll get Elise to try to-night, and wear my new white dress, and the pearls, and I'll say to him the very first thing that I'm sorry, and ask him to dance with me all the same. Then, when he sees how nice I am, he will be vexed with himself for being so nasty. It will do him no end of good. I'd give worlds if he would only propose to me before the season is over! I'd refuse him, of course, but that wouldn't matter; it would be kind of me to take the trouble, because it is dreadful to see a man so conceited, and, if it were not for that, he would be quite charming.

. . . I'll begin this evening. How exciting! Poor Captain May!"

HIS SOLILOQUY.

"She looked disgracefully pretty! Nothing like putting a girl in a good, stand-up rage to see what she's made of. I never knew she had so much in her before. And she would just as soon think of falling in love with the man in the moon, would she? That's pretty tall! Hang it all! why do they put things in a fellow's head? I was happy enough before, and . A man may not want to marry now this has unsettled me altogether. . . a girl, but that's no reason why she should be so precious indifferent. always fancied that she had a decided weakness. . . . So she wants to laugh at me, does she? Little wretch! She is always up to some mischief. I wouldn't object if it was at some other fellow, for those dimples are uncommonly fetching. I believe she is right about the collars, all the same—thought so myself more than once. If another shape would suit me better, it seems rather absurd to stick to these. 'Man in the moon,' ch? Humph! Well, it doesn't do to be too awfully sure, it's a bad thing to get into the way of boasting. How would it be if I took her in hand, and tried to work a cure? Do her all the good in the world to be brought down a peg or two, and her own level, and the process would not be unpleasant. Hi, cabby! stop at the first decent hosier's you come to I want to get out?" you come to, I want to get out."

Extract from the Times of four months later-

On the 26th inst., at St. George's, Hanover Square, by the Right Rev. the Bishop of Oxbridge, assisted by the Rev. Noel Blanchard, the brother of the bride, Cyril Aubrey May, Captain Royal Horse Guards, second son of James Eaton May, Esq., of Brompton Manor, Hants, to Phyllis Mary Olivia, only daughter of Major Blanchard, of Barcombe, Co. Wicklow, and Floraire, Alpes-Maritimes.

THE ART OF THE DAY.



MADAME LA COMTESSE,-FREDERIC YATES.

ART NOTES.

Paris, from centuries since, has been the town of romance to all who care for the essence of romance; and M. A. Robida ("Paris: de Siècle en Siècle." Par A. Robida. Paris: à la Librairie Illustrée) has so keen a sense of that quality that he has composed a book of which "texte, dessins, et lithographes" have come from his own artistic fingers. He begins with the Paris of earliest times—the Paris which elected Julian to be its emperor, and which made sacrifice to "Jupiter très bon, très grand." (Such an action, by the way, is one which would by no means be unexpected in the Paris of to-day—an illustration of that worn and battered yet most true cliché, that extremes do finally meet.) The text



LE VAL-DE-GRÂCE.
From M. Robida's "Paris."

really belongs to the age of chivalry, being full of war, gallantry, joyous rescues, and miserable misdeeds. The illustrations are, in their way, charming; within the limits of a very resolute and determined style, they are full of character, of fitness, and of strength. You are given to see the Paris of Villon which Stevenson saw, covered with snow, pricking the sky with its steeples and its thin roofs. You see the Paris of Notre Dame, with its devils glaring at the sky—the Paris of crime, of violence, of rebellion, and of chartered cruelty, illustrated both by the pen and by the pencil of M. Robida. And therein you see, as it were in a panorama, a city unfolded which has in the rolls of its history an element of romance which belongs to no other city of the world. This is high praise; but it is due to M. Robida to say that he well deserves the award of such culogy, which falls easily on the hither side of his deserts.

Mr. Frederic Yates, whose portrait of "Madame la Comtesse" we reproduce, has been painting portraits during the month at Newark, at the house of Mr. Henry Branston.

The election of Sir John Millais to the Presidency of the Royal Academy took place last week a day too late for mention in this column; and the dangers of the journalist who "seeks to proticipate" are too well known and too perilous for adventure. Let us then merely say that the choice of the Academy was the only one possible which was consistent with its dignity. Of living English painters, Sir John Millais is recognised, with one exception, as the greatest by all classes; and many would call him the greatest. Sir Edward Burne-Jones is, of course, that exception.

Sir John Millais' record is a great and memorable one, and of all his works the earliest will probably rank as the greatest. This was, of course,

Mr. Ruskin's opinion, and Mr. Ruskin's most hostile opponents will, in this instance, agree with him, even if they refuse to countersign that celebrated opinion when Millais' art lost more and more of its particularity, and assumed a greater freedom, a more impressionary manner: "This is worse than anything; this is ruin." However, it may be safely asserted that Millais probably never surpassed the exquisite "Ophelia," which must always rank among the masterpieces of art. His late portraits are as fine as may be, but it was surely some gust of inspiration which compelled him to so rare and so delightful a mingling of qualities as produced "Ophelia." In a word, there is no living artist who so absolutely deserved the honour which Millais has obtained, and the Academy has done well to confer it upon him.

Messrs. Agnew's exhibition in Old Bond Street of water-colours is one which nobody who has any patriotic sense of British art—that byword among the crities—will care to miss. For here is, as a matter of fact, the one department of art in which Britain did really excel. The Constables, mere sketches indeed, artistic "memoria technica" perhaps, are all beautiful and full of that purity of inspiration which can only be obtained from the truly artistic and, at the same time, a personal point of view. These little works prove once more the truth which, after all, needs no demonstration—that to an artist all things are artistic; and, if ever there was a true artist, Constable was emphatically one. There are various examples of Fred Walker, North, and Houghton. Fred Walker is, one may sorrowfully say, too much of a name and too little of a reality to interest one very profoundly; but his water-colour work is assuredly not to be overlooked. It is often unimportant, crowded, and unnecessary; but it often, too, has a dignity which is inseparable from the work of a man who, like Walker, was an artist of moments.

The Dudley Gallery's Spring Exhibition of Water-Colours is, as ever, like the everyday Britisher, "good and true." Mr. Walter Severn is very prominent, and is quite satisfactory in no less than six pictures, which, if they have not exactly the distinction of poetry, have a quality which comes so near to poetry that they, at all events, may claim to possess some distinction; and that is much to say of any work. Moreover, this work is extremely pretty; and, though that is an epithet which one would not apply to the achievements, say, of a Rembrandt or a Sir Joshua, it is one which is quite worthy of Mr. Severn. As usual, the gallery is very much distinguished by the work of women. Miss Jex-Blake's "Wells Cathedral," though quite obviously a picture dependent for the most part upon tradition, is in its way very fine, with an unusual dignity in its structure and a careful attention to detail.

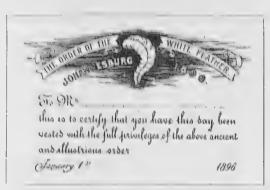


MISERICORDIA.

A Photographic Study by Adolpe Meyer.

HUMOURS OF THE TRANSVAAL REVOLT.

Now that everything is comparatively quiet for a while in the Transvaal, one has time to recall some of the humours of the crowd, which has been always a good-tempered one. Taking into consideration the large



number of men under arms during the so-called re-bellion, and the vast number who never before handled a gun or saw a Lee-Metford bullet, it is indeed remarkable that there were not very many casualties. Again, money was extremely extremely plentiful, and there was a free run on the hotel and other public bars

Only on one day was a collision likely. That was on the Monday after the laying-down of the arms, when some hundreds of Boers rode through the town on their wiry ponies, and armed with all sorts of rifles, from the Lee-Metford to the ordinary sporting—indeed, many a man carried his usual shot-gun. The appearance of these gentlemen, in the midst of a terrific cloud of dust, maddened to a certain extent the men who had served in the different brigades, but, notwithstanding there was a little hustling that morning, nothing serious occurred.

The famous donkey that created such a stir in the streets of Johannesburg after the yolunteers were told that they could go to their homes was indeed a ludicrous sight, although everyone sympathised with Colonel Rhodes, who saw this parade of ass-flesh from his offices of the Consolidated Goldfields. Probably the men who led and wished to be photographed with the donkey had not any idea of the insult they were paying to a most respected soldier and gentlemen; it was only a mad freak on the part of a half-inebriated crowd, who thought they were doing something to ridicule their own leaders.

With crimson ribbon about an inch wide tied round his fetlocks and hocks, and otherwise harnessed with such flimsy stuff, the donkey, indeed, appeared so funny that the most serious could not help stopping to look upon him. In his forehead-piece was stuck a huge white ostrich feather, and the placards which were placed on his sides were, of course, a slur on the National Reform Association. It must, however, be said again that this donkey was not sent out with the cognisance of the chiefs

of the men who made up the brigades, so that, after all, the same cannot be taken as the real sense of the people, but rather of an irresponsible party who thought more about an afternoon's frolic than the terrible sense of the satire. Still, this was one of the humours of the situation. Another is that of a "white feather" souvenir, that nearly everyone of repute who journeyed from Johannesburg during the late troubles received. All sorts and conditions of men have been in receipt of them, from the miner to the millionaire; and they have actually been sold in the Golden City at as much as ten shillings per card,

A CAPE COAST WEDDING.

Apropos of an illustration of "A Cape Coast Wedding" recently published in these pages, a correspondent writes

Apropos of an illustration of "A Cape Coast Wedding" recently published in these pages, a correspondent writes—

All the grades of society of the black population of Cape Coast Castle were displayed before my gaze in one small church. The occasion was the marriage of one of the rich residents of the place to a well-educated professional man, both bride and bridegroom being of the native race. Those whose ideas of Africans are derived from Moore and Burgess's Minstrels or from "Uncle Tom's Cabin" would have had their eyes opened in the little English church.

The church was full when I entered, and it is true that I took my seat between a couple of black ladies dressed in seanty garments, but up towards the altar it was a fine vision of coloured magnificence that met my astonished gaze. The service was being read by a venerable native clergyman. The bride was standing, with downeast eyes and modest looks, enveloped in a long, flowing white veil, while the figure was half-displayed and half-hidden in a rich satin gown of the tenderest crimson. The bridegroom was dressed in the style that befits Piccadilly, and grouped iround the happy pair stood the youth, the heauty, the fashion of Cape Coast Castle. What a beyy there was of black but comely maidens, radiant in gorgeous apparel, redolent of patchouli! The ceremony was attended by natives who were sympathetic but not aristocratic. Many of these had come in their national costume; and the mode here is, as you may suppose, more daring even than in Paris itself, and the dusky belies are content with a minimum of adornment above the zones of their Venus-like waists. And, as they sat in the high-backed scats of the church, the first impression, as the eye scanned row after row, immobile and statucsque, was that of a gallery of perfectly sculptured ebony goddesses. Nearer at hand that impression was dispelled by the sight of the dames, clad in the same costume, but less strict in their etiquette, mursing their infants of various ages, while they smiled gravely at the v



MR. HERBERT WARING AT HOME.

Photographs by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

Mr. Herbert Waring is one of those fortunate players who can both boast of a well-filled past and also look forward to a considerable histrionic future. His genius-it can be called nothing else-for characterhistrionic future. His genius—it can be called nothing else—for characteracting is of a very rare quality, as those who saw him in any or many of the rôles he has essayed, from that of John Ingram, in "A Scrap of Paper," to Helmer, in "A Doll's House," and Sir Brice Skene in "The Masqueraders," will readily acknowledge.

Mr. Waring has been long connected with the St. James's Theatre. Indeed, as long ago as the July of 1883, he joined the company of the



MR. WARING AS DUKE WOLFGANG IN "THE PRISONER OF ZENDA."

"Hark! I hear the rumble of a carriage along the silent street."

lessees, Messrs. Hare and Kendal, and during the five years which followed he contributed not a little to the success of "The Money-Spinner," "The Ironmaster," "The Hobby-Horse," "Clancarty," and the revival of "The Squire," with which the co-managers terminated their last season at the theatre. Some five years ago he joined Mr. Alexander for a short period, returning in '94 for "The Masqueraders."

He lives, with his wife (writes a representative of The Sketch), in a pretty, old-world flat situated within a stone's-throw of Sir Henry Irving's now historic rooms in Bond Street. Unlike the majority of actors, Mr. Waring prefers to live near his work, and he finds that solitude is to be obtained as easily near Piccadilly as in the suburbs.

"Yes," he said, smiling, in answer to an observation, "a great many people seem to know and remember me in connection with the two Ibsen performances in which I took part.

performances in which I took part. And yet, the fact that a man acts Ibsen is no reason to suppose him an Ibsenite. I admire greatly much of his work, and, though I consider 'A Doll's House' the best of his plays from an acting point of view, I have a great liking for 'Little Eyolf.'"

"Never, I believe, played in England?" "No. There has been talk of it more than once, but it would require the outlay of a great deal of money in the way of scenery. The play is one that could never be produced at a matinée performance."

"Then Ibsen as a social teacher touches you but little?"

"I fear that I bother myself horribly little about the ethics of a playwright so long as his work seems to me satisfying. In this I am like the public, who are ever ready to applaud what appeals to their taste."

"And how about foreign plays?"

"And how about foreign plays?"

"I have no prejudice against them, but I think that to be really successful a foreign play must be adapted to English circumstances."

"And do you scriously think that the playgoing public betray no preference in their choice of subject, and that audiences are much the same, year in and year out?"

"There is to a certain extent a fashion in such things. But surely every thoughtful playwright or actor must confess that the subject matters little if the play possesses that magic and intangible quality

As far as I can see, the real playgoer—I mean, which ensures success. the man who stands for hours at a pit-door, and then pays his half-crown to secure an evening's enjoyment—has only one strong preference, and that is for sentimental comedy. A latter-day Robertson would soon A certain number of the leading London theatres make his fortune. have now made their own clientèle, and so are, to a certain extent, independent of the popular verdict. But I need hardly tell you that it is impossible to gauge the causes which make or mar a play."

"How about the critics, Mr. Waring?"

"Well, they certainly influence the box-office, and yet, occasionally, an admirable play which has been admirably noticed will, for some inexplicable reason, fail to attract audiences. Such a one was Gudgeons, by Messrs. L. N. Parker and Murray Carson, produced by Miss Janet Steer at Terry's some two years ago. A certain number of people go to see a play because of a favourable notice, but a greater number take the advice of those of their friends who have seen it."

"Have you any views about the prices of scats?

"Have you any views about the prices of scats?"

"I should like to see them even higher than they are now," he replied promptly. "People will pay a guinea to see a foreign actor or singer perform; why should they not do so to see one of home manufacture? Of course, it seems absurd that a man who pays, say, half-a-guinea to see such a marvellous and costly production as 'Henry VIII.,' or any other Shaksperian revival at the Lyceum, should be asked the same sum for a stall at one of the minor theatres, where the cost of the production may be, in all, fifty pounds. But both scenery and costume are becoming more costly every day, and I feel sure prices will never be lowered."

"Have you any advice to give to the stage-struck?"

"Personally, I should never counsel any young person to go on to the stage; but I admit that some people are born actors, and cannot keep off the boards. I myself come of an entirely untheatrical family. I was educated at the Merchant Taylors' School, and my people were both surprised and dismayed when I announced that I was going to join the profession. I made my début as a super—in fact, as one of the impossible Oxford crew in 'Formosa,' at the Adelphi. Then I spent five years in the provinces, having first, however, had a year's training at the now departed Park Theatre."

"One word more—what is your favourite part?"
"On the whole, that of the East-End curate in 'The Hobby-Horse.' It was a very sympathetic part, and I delight in such rôles, though I am rarely given the chance of playing them. Of late I have been condemned to present a village of the present of the to personate villains. By the way, I may add that I greatly enjoyed the part of Sir Brice Skene. As a rule, I do not eare for my part when I hear a play read by the author. 'The Masqueraders' proved an exception. I realised in a moment that much could be made with the rôle. Of course, the audience acts and reacts on the actor. To play before a cold, apathetic house is like trying to ride a bicycle up a steep hill. If you are in sympathy with those in front, you feel as if you were spinning down an incline with your feet up."



AS BLACK MICHAEL IN "THE PRISONER OF ZENDA."

"-Don't-forget it, Josef."



MR: HERBERT WARING AS BLACK MICHAEL IN "THE PRISOMER OF ZEMDA,"

AT THE ST. JAMES THEADER.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ASERTED BLUES, UPDER HANDER STREET, W.W.

THE FOURTH OLYMPIAD.

Photographs by Henry R. Gibbs, Kingsland Road, N.

"The individual dies, but the type remains," is a phrase that holds good at Olympia; and yet not wholly so, for this last phase of Olympian spectacle is a considerable deviation from the original type. Olympia, we believe, is on its legs again; yet, curiously enough, there are now no "legs" at Olympia. The familiar multitudinous high-kick of the older legions has vanished, the colossal ballet has departed, and yet it is impossible to feel great regret, for under the new régime there flourishes an exhibition less voluptuous but more exciting than its predecessors.

Seeing, then, that we are now, so to speak, in the fourth Olympiad, so far as spectacular chronology is concerned, what manner of stimulant for eye and ear does Olympia now provide? A very varied stimulant, of which some components are necessarily less exciting than others. In the bicycle-races—the last survival of legs at Olympia—that daily precede breycle-races—the last survival of legs at Olympia—that daily precede the purely scenic part of the show, there is plenty of interest, especially in the men's races, where the riding is superb. With all due deference to the lady riders, it is impossible to find their performance as exciting as the feats of a Fisher or a Barden; but their riding is free and fearless, all the same, and even the extraordinary sloping ends of the track, which have been referred to as "the cliffs at Olympia," do not dismay the fair the magical organisation of Olympia, all the scene melts away, as suddenly as it appeared. Though short-lived, the representation loses nothing in realism, for my ever-courteous guide, Mr. G. S. Edwards, chief of the Olympia Press Department, told me that some sporting visitors were recently so carried away by what they saw that they could hardly

forbear rising up in their might to offer "a pony on the field."

Then the scene shifts to India, to pleasant cantonments among the hills, where the British regiments are celebrating Gymkhana. But peaceful tent pegging, wrestling, swordsmanship, a Victoria-Cross race, and innumerable other military sports, are suddenly interrupted by a call to arms. The officers' ladies are "visibly affected," but duty is beyond all ties of kindred, so in an incredibly short space the Chitral Expedition is organised, inspected, and despatched to the scene, to the strains of "The Girl I Left Behind Me." She, poor dear, is left lonely, with one or two sister sufferers, in the vast arena, under the solemn white peaks of the Himalayas. Handkerchiefs are freely plied, a kindly old civilian

in a white coat and solar tope plays a very enviable part as comforter; but at length comes the inevitable swoon, and so the episode closes.

After an effective "lantern-march"—a kaleidoscopic effect, quite Eastern in its jewelled combinations—the scene opens, this time on the stage. The snow lies thick on the mountain-pass, the Chitralis hold the pass, but the British column still presses on. A bridge is blown up by the hillmen, and the British are for the moment checked. A sapper

Gentleman Joe.

Chili Widow. Mrs. Chant.

"G. O. M."



The Laird. Grace.

Trilby.

Svengali. THE DERBY CROWD.

New Boy.

Sir Henry.

Purity Party.

wheelwomen, who take them horizontally in a way that brings the spectator's heart into his mouth, and makes him wish that the dear creatures could

find some less violent method of earning glory. Attractive, however, as the Olympia bicycle-races are proving, the part of the spectacle that everybody awaits most cagerly is the purely scenic representation. Under the imperial hand and eye of the great scenic representation. Under the imperial hand and eye of the great Druriolanus, Olympia has now added to gigantic stage resources the resources of an equally huge arena, which, indeed, is the "stage" of the most considerable action, for the stage proper is not employed until the After the bicycle-racing, the arena, as first portion of the Chitral fight. if by magic, becomes a miniature Epsom Downs. The course is railed off, the crowd appears, the police, foot and horse, begin to struggle with the populace, "bookies" erect their stands and begin to shout the odds, and then down from London comes an endless procession of vehicles, from the smartest of drags, tooled by a counterpart of Sir Augustus himself, to the "little donkey-chay" bearing 'Arry and 'Arriet. The bustle and din grow fast and furious, every minute bringing its amusing interlude. Round the course dashes Charley's Aunt, "still running," and after him, I mean her; no, no!—never mind which—after the relative of Charles carcers Sir Henry Irving in hot pursuit. Then the Trilby brougham trots up, old friends are recognised, and so on, and so on. Just before the "gee-gees" appear, the Army strikes up a hymn, which secures small attention, for the race, ridden in good earnest, destroys the enchantment of their heavenly melodies. The race ended, of course a welsher has to receive poetical justice at the hands of a right-minded public there is redoubled cheering merginent, and uprove and there by public, there is redoubled cheering, merriment, and uproar, and then; by

attempts to cross the gulf, but is shot down; a second sapper succeeds, and a rough bridge is extemporised, across which the British pour and carry the pass by storm, aided by a battery of field-guns and Maxims, which appears on the flank of the Chitralis. Another great tableau succeeds, this time in the arena, showing the capture of a hill-fort, and the victory of British arms; and the whole terminates with rejoicing, saluting of the colours, and a burst of patriotic music. One of the most picturesque groups in the long procession of the Chitral forces is that of the ambulance corps, with its fair following of nursing-sisters. And this part of the exhibition, Mr. Edwards informed me, is not mere pageantry, for Olympia has its ambulance-staff always on duty, as, in so huge an establishment, where such vast crowds move daily, little accidents are sure to happen, and first aid is indispensable. It is remarkable, however, that, in spite of the size of the place, and the bustle and traffic of men, vehicles, and horses in the arena, there has been no serious mishap.

A word must be said, in passing, about "The Palmarium," or winter

garden, at Olympia. Huge numbers of palms have been brought from the Riviera to ornament the covered "pleasance," which is warmed to quite a Riviera geniality of temperature. All day, too, there is capital music in the winter garden, the Olympia orchestra taking turns with the orchestra of famous old M. Rivière, who, despite his seventy-two years, wields the bâton as powerfully as in his old Covent Garden days, away in the carly 'seventies. So, altogether, whether for a little healthy patriotic excitement, or a quiet lounge over a cup of afternoon tea, Olympia, with its huge and stirring spectacle, and its dolce far niente wintergarden, stands unrivalled among the shows of London. Miss Lane.

MI-s Jameson

Miss Gamble,

Miss Pattison,



Madame Darlus,

Mdlle. Henriette.

Miss Hutton. Miss L. Cairns.

THE WOMEN CYCLISTS.

A C. Edwards.

Eros Germano. W. Jones (Manager). J. Camp.



A. E. Walters.

R. G. Merry. Skillinger. Jack Green.

J. Robertson. T. Ralph. W. Bunning. J. Fischer. Carl Smits. Mayo, II. Fournier. Ben Fisher. T. Gibbons-Brooks. H. B. Howard. THE MEN CYCLISTS.

HUMAN ODDS AND ENDS.

BY GEORGE GISSING.

XVIII.-A FREE WOMAN.

Charlotte Grubb, little as she owed her parents, learnt from them the lesson of independence. Going out into the world at twelve years old, she carried with her the habit of mind which views as intolerable any she carried with her the habit of mind which views as intolerable any kind of domestic restraint. From the quarrelling of every married couple with whom she was acquainted, Charlotte early perceived that wedlock should be shunned; her natural inclination pointed to the life of celibacy and freedom; she cared not for the romance of the evening byway, and she hated children. She was one of those happy mortals who see the ideal straight before them, and steadily

At the tender age of seven, a domestic incident made a strong impression upon her. She had an elder sister, a girl of fifteen, who, in consequence of an accident, underwent a long but not dangerous illness. Her parents tried hard to get the invalid into a hospital, but without success. It was not a case for hospital treatment; the father earned substantial wages, and the mother, unburdened by any cares but those of home, might well have tended her sick child. Mrs. Grubb railed and grumbled incessantly, and with such effect, that the invalid, a burden to herself and to everyone about her, swallowed a sufficient dose of vermin-killer. Little Charlotte took the lesson to heart, and, from that moment, the whole duty of woman became clear to her.

Among her coevals there was a striking harmony of opinion on this point. Some girls inclined to matrimony; some gave their vote against it no less resolutely than Charlotte herself; but all agreed that the first duty of woman was to have no duty at all. To be sure, "fellows" were brutal; they expected to find their meals cooked, and their clothes mended, and all sorts of oppressive things; but most of them could be talked down, or driven to the public-house, by persistent clamour. Children? Why, yes; children would come, worse luck! But in this part of London babies had a comfortable way of dying pretty young, and one got money from the burial-club; and if they didn't die, well, they didn't, and all one had to do was to get the eldest baby to mind the younger ones.

Charlotte smiled, sure that hers was the more excellent way.

As she grew older, everything she saw and read and heard confirmed her in abhorrence of domesticity. A sharp young woman, she needed no academic training to become aware of the movements of the time which chiefly concerned her. It must not be supposed that female emancipation, in the larger sense, is discussed only among educated women; the factory, the work-room, the doss-house, have heard these tidings of great joy. Charlotte Grubb could talk with the best on that glorious claim of woman to take her share in "the work of the world," and by "work" she, of course, understood every form of exertion save the domestic. Charlotte could cry aloud that women were no longer to be "put upon." Words to that effect caught her eye when she read a Sunday newspaper; the same message was announced at street-corners and in open places, when workwomen went on strike. However dark her mind, this one ray of reflected light had touched upon it, and served for guidance. She knew that women of the higher classes were making speeches, and calling for a great many more or less unintelligible things. For her own part, down here at Haggerston, she would not be wanting

to the cause, however simple her service.

When girls "got into trouble," she had no language strong enough to utter her contempt. Serve the fools right! If they didn't know more than that—gah! They thought the "fellow" would look after them, did they? Where had they come from? She grew red with

scornful laughter.

Once and again, very rarely, indeed, it happened that some acquaintance of hers "took a place." Charlotte felt such amazement at this proceeding that she could only turn away, staring blankly. Why, it was worse than getting married! To live, day and night, at beck and call of another woman; to have your victuals measured; to relinquish the freedom of evenings; to wear a distinctive garb-was there no

poison procurable, no River Thames?

could boast with perfect truth that, since raw girlhood, she had never lifted her hand in domestic labour. She had never prepared a meal, had never washed a plate, had never sewn a stitch. How did she contrive this untrammelled existence? Charlotte, whose eyes were very wide open, saw and marked the existence of common lodginghouses, an admirable institution. It went hard indeed with her if she houses, an admirable institution. It went hard indeed with her it she could not earn enough to pay for the night's shelter, and for ready-cooked meals. She had good health; at her own time, in her own way, she was quite willing to work. In the ordinary course of things, her wages more than sufficed for food and lodging; there remained a margin for the theatre, the music-hall, the public-house, the frippery-shop. Should it happen that times were bad, had not excellent people established "shelters" and "refuges," to encourage a spirit of independence among the poor and lowly? the poor and lowly?

Life was not half bad; London was a fine place. It made her laugh when she heard people complaining; so obviously they had no one but themselves to thank for their miseries. A man whom she admired for his boisterous humour and raffish good-looks one day disappeared, deserting a wife and four children; Charlotte admired him none the less. "Well, I'm sure I can't blime him. He felt it was time to make a new start." The wife, a burly woman, straightway threw herself and her

children on the parish. Charlotte approved, on the whole, yet confessed that she would have preferred to let the parish take care of the children, and quietly go off to "make a new start" on her own account.

and quietly go off to "make a new start" on her own account.

One winter she had an attack of bronchitis; medical help became necessary. Near at hand was a "dispensary," where advice and physic might be obtained for a few pence; but, as a matter of principle, Charlotte spent her coppers in getting to the hospital, where she had nothing to pay. The attack—owing, of course, to ignorance, or neglect of the simplest precautions—took a serious form; she grew frightened.

Incline than her sister long are she found a hospital which received of the simplest precautions—took a serious form; she grew frightened. Luckier than her sister long ago, she found a hospital which received her as in-patient, and there was spent a very enjoyable Christmas. Kind people sent all manner of seasonable presents for distribution among the sick. Charlotte, just convalescent, lived on exquisite fruit, and other dainties suitable to her condition. She read the Christmas Numbers and a novel or two, and made some delightful acquaintances. To enhance her appreciation of all this, a poor, silly relative of hers, who was struggling hard to support an illegitimate child, came on visitors' day to see her.

"My golly!" cried the simpleton; "ain't you comfortable!"

The child in her arms stretched hungrily towards a piece of orange.

"Let him have it," said Charlotte, with a broad grin of benevolence; "lots more where that come from."

The mother herself was hungry, but she said nothing about this, and, strange thing, it seemed to give her pleasure when the little one made sounds of satisfaction.

SONGS OF THE SUBURBS.

I.—FITZJOHN'S AVENUE, N.W.

Yes, I'm the coachman, as you see, And I lets myself for hire, And wear the choc'late livery Of Mister Cohen, Esquire. It ain't because he 's foreign born That this complaint is made, But 'cos till now J've always worn A nobby, neat cockade.

> We've got a dozen 'osses in the stable, And we keeps two ladies' maids, And we eat just as much as we are able, But, we don't wear no cockades!

It may be a badge of slavery (As Bill once made remark-And he's the smartest groom you'll see A-ridin' in the Park); But, badge or not, I'm fond of it, I'd take less screw-that's flat! If I could wear that crinkly bit Of leather on my hat.

> We've got a dozen 'osses in the stable, And we keeps two ladies' maids, And we eat just as much as we are able, But, we don't wear no cockades!

The Master-well, he ain't much class, But he makes the money fly; And, goodness! if you've got the brass There's lots of things to buy. The Missus doesn't seem to know The difference between A thoroughbred 'un and a cow-Lord! where can she have been?

> We've got a dozen 'osses in the stable, And we keeps two ladies' maids, And we cat just as much as we are able, But, we don't wear no cockades!

And though I have my perquisites And lots of money's spent, Until I have my natiral rights I'll never be content. The 'arness may be silver-gilt, There may be rubber tyres On every carriage I get built, But, one thing I desires-

> For, though there are twelve 'osses in the stable, And we keeps two ladies' maids, And we eat just as much as we are able, Still, we don't wear no cockades!

> > GILBERT BURGESS.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



[Drawn by Maurice Greiffenhagen.

 $\mathrm{She}:$ That 's the girl my husband admires so. $\mathrm{He}:$ But, then, he never had any taste in women.



MAD DOG!



MACPHERSON (who has been arguing the point with MacDoodle): I shay, Parson—hic!—which is t—hic!—the shun or the—hic!—moonch?

KIRK MINISTER: Which-hic!-wad it be?-hic!-'cos there's-hic!-twa of 'em!



A MAID IN MARCH.

EXIT TOOLE'S THEATRE.

We have seen the last, it seems, of the little theatre in King William Street, Strand, which, for the last fourteen years or so, has borne the name of "Toole's." The owners do not see their way to incurring the expense of the alterations demanded by the County Council, and so, the world is told, the tiny playhouse will be closed for "ever and ever.

It is not likely that playgoers will regret its demise deeply. It was never a comfortable theatre; it is, at least, doubtful whether it was ever quite a safe one. There was, if memory does not err, only one entrance to and exit from the stalls, and only one entrance to and exit from the dress-circle. The auditorium was so small that a few ladies' "matinée hats" might almost be said to fill it. The seats were small, and the spaces between the rows of them exiguous. On the whole, "Toole's" will pass away, it is feared, "unwept, unhonoured."

Yet not unsung. Though it has been in existence as a playhouse for only a little over a quarter of a century, and though its history has not been startlingly eventful, still that history has been fairly interesting, and assuredly somewhat varied. It began in June 1869, when the building was christened "The Charing-Cross," and it began rather auspiciously, inasmuch as one of the three pieces presented on the opening night was a burlesque by Mr. W. S. Gilbert—"The Pretty Druidess," a travesty, one need hardly say, of "Norma." After this came a burlesque by Mr. Burnand ("Very Little Faust"), a comedy by Mr. Wybert Reeve ("Won at Last"), and a travesty by Mr. A. O'Neil ("Abon Hassan"), with Miss Emily Fowler as the bright particular "star." These represented the bulk of the first year's programme. The These represented the bulk of the first year's programme. The second year brought forth another comedy by Mr. Reeve, one by Mr. J. J. Dilley, and yet another burlesque by Mr. Gilbert—"The Gentleman in Black," of which one hears little nowadays, though Frederick Clay wrote the music for it.

In 1871 there was nothing but a second-rate French comic opera and a third-rate English burlesque. Of 1872 there is absolutely nothing to With 1873 came five or six productions—comedies by Messrs. C. M. Rac, J. Mortimer, Conway Edwardes, and H. J. Byron, and an extravaganza by Gilbert A'Beckett. Of these the most notable was the "Time's Triumph" of Byron, produced under the régime of Mr. J. S. Clarke. The last-named opened 1875 brilliantly by himself appearing in "The Widow Hunt." This was, on the whole, a good year at the Charing-Cross (now re-christened "The Folly"), bringing with it Frederick Clay's "Cattarina," "The Unequal Match" (with Miss Kate Phillips), and T. W. Robertson's "Dublin Bay." The following year was made memorable not so much by the production of Reece's "Young Rip Van Winkle" and Mr. Paulton's "Pecksniff," as by the dazzling apparition of "Blue Beard," with the sprightly Mesdames Lydia Thompson, Ella Chapman, and Topsy Venn, the young and handsome Violet Cameron, and the truly comic Messieurs Lionel Brough and Willie This piece, which introduced to Londoners the Heathen Chinee of Mr. Edouin, was one of the most successful of latter-day extravaganzas. It was followed in due course by the "Robinson Crusoe" of Mr. Farnie, the "Oxygen" of Messrs. Farnie and Reece, the "Creole" of those gentlemen plus Offenbach, and the "Shooting Stars" of M. Hervé.

At this point, Mr. Charles Wyndham appears upon the scene as a dramatic author—as the adapter of "The Idol," and as collaborator with Arthur Matthison in "A Night of Terror" and in "Tantalus." Arthur Matthison in "A Night of Terror" and in "Tantaius." These pieces gave a certain distinction to 1877-8 at the Folly, but the big "hit" of 1878 was, of course, the production there of the afterwards far-famed "Cloches de Corneville," which began in February of that year its long career of popularity. In this triumph, as we all know, about equal shares were taken by Mr. Shiel Barry as the Miser, Mr. Howson as the Marquis, Mr. Hill as the Bailie, Mr. Ashford as Gobo, Miss V. Cameron as Germaine, and so forth. In "Tantaius," Gobo, Miss V. Cameron as Germaine, and so forth. In "Tantalus," which followed "The Idol," Miss Lydia Thompson and Mr. Lal Brough were again in evidence, along with the portly W. J. Hill. In the following year came (besides a comic opera) two more typical burlesques—the "Carmen" of Robert Reece, and the "Another Drink" of Savile

Clarke and Lewis Clifton.

With December 1879 begins what may be called the "modern" history of the theatre. In that month Mr. Toole started a season with Byron's "A Fool and his Money," which gave way in March 1880 to the "Upper Crust" of the same author. Let it be noted, too, that it was at the Folly, in 1880, that Mr. Pinero brought out his little "Hester's Mystery," and that it was on the same boards that he produced, in 1881, his first important dramatic work, the comedy called "Imprudence." In 1882 the theatre became "Toole's" in name as well as in fact, and again Mr. Pinero supplied the bill during a part of the year—this time with one of his forgotten pieces, "Girls and Boys." It was in "Girls and Boys," surely, that Mrs. Pinero (Miss Myra Holme) made her last appearance on the stage. In 1882, Miss Fanny Davenport was seen at Toole's in "Diane." Then came, in succession, Mr. Burnand's "Stage-Dora," Mr. Law's "Mint of Money," and Mr. Burnand's "Paw Clawdian." Ever-memorable should 1884 at this theatre be held, inasmuch as it saw the first performances in London of Miss Ada Rehan wall to Dalack the Research of Miss Ada Rehan wall to Dalack the Research of Miss Ada Rehan wall to Dalack the Research of Miss Ada Rehan wall to Dalack the Research of Miss Ada Rehan wall to Dalack the Research of Miss Ada Rehan wall to Dalack the Research of Miss Ada Rehan wall to Dalack the Research of Miss Ada Rehan wall to Dalack the Research of Miss Ada Rehan wall to Dalack the Research of Miss Ada Rehan wall to Dalack the Research of Miss Ada Rehan wall to Dalack the Miss Ada Rehan wall the Miss Ada Rehan wall the Dalack the Miss Ada Rehan wall and the Daly troupe, in "Casting the Boomerang" and "Dollars and Sense."

The more recent career of "Toole's" must be ruthlessly summarised.

The more recent career of "Toole's" must be ruthlessly summarised. In 1884, "The Babes"; in 1885, Byron's last comedy, "The Shuttlecock," and Maddison Morton's last farce, "Going It"; in 1886, "Faust and Loose" and "The Butler"; in 1888, "The Don"; in 1891, "Ibsen's Ghost," Mr. J. M. Barrie's first dramatic effort; in 1892, "Walker, London"; in 1894, "The Best Man"; in 1895, "Thoroughbred." These are all that need be named, not all that might be.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Messrs. Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier have begun a series entitled by Mr. Hector C. with a biography of Carlyle Macpherson. Mr. Macpherson has no new materials, with the exception of a letter from Froude, in which he indicates his treatment of Carlyle. The memoir is in short compass, and is largely made up of extracts. This is carried too far when, for example, Alexander Smith's description of Carlyle's Rectorial address is quoted at such length. But the little book is a handy and tolerably accurate selection from the multitude of facts, and the writer wisely refrains from discussing many of the tiresome problems suggested by these. He has a chapter on Carlyle in his relations to German thought which has been approved of by Mr. John Morley. This volume by no means reaches even the very low level of the late Professor Nichol's work on Carlyle.

Mr. Cunningham Graham is a good man of letters spoiled-perhaps by his political career, which certainly did not agree with him, and yet contrived to ruin his talents in a field where he was naturally fitted to shine. He has a sense of style, a love of beauty, an observing eye, an independent judgment, and a wide experience. What more do you want? Only a more certain taste than he possesses, and enough self-restraint to make him willing to omit cheap jokes, cheap satire, and cheap illustrations. In "Father Archangel of Scotland, and Other Essays" (Black) Mrs. Graham is his collaborator, and if her contributions have less distinction, they are also free from the vulgar faults I have named. All the papers contain pictures out of old times, for though some are scenes in the Spanish South America or the Moorish Africa of to-day, yesterday has not quite set for these remote places. Archangel" is a clever and amusing account, taken from an old Spanish book, of a Scotch priest who very persistently tried, by his national habit of preaching, to bring his country back to the true faith. "De Heretico Comburendo" contains admirable pictures of the English and the Scottish colleges at Valladolid. "In a Garden" describes the resting-place of Moore at Corunna. "A Jesuit" is a sympathetic sketch of character and manners on board a South American steamer. All these, and others too, are good. But the last sentence in the book will serve to show how Mr. Graham spoils his effects: "At least they (wild gardens) blossom to those who, listening in a shell, hear something different to the noise of people leaving a music-hall." It was the close of a beautiful description, which was sure to have had its due effect had it not been for the ugly, sordid allusion of the last words. He has no trust in a reader's sense of beauty.

To a very pretty selection entitled "In Memory of Robert Burns," published by Messrs. Marcus Ward, Mr. Le Gallienne contributes a brief and pleasant preface. At a moment when so much Burns erudition is being exhibited, mere pleasantness is something of a relief. But in his short and amiably filled space he contrives to make a few astounding statements. One of them, the opinion that a good part of Burns's Scots verse had far better be written in English, I leave Burns champions in Scotland to deal with. Heresy can go no further. Another astonishes me even more—from the pen of Mr. Le Gallienne—for it is not a heresy, but a blunder. Speaking of Burns's place near people's hearts, and anxious to prove it by sweeping out of the way such great names as might vainly presume to compete with him in that matter, this literary critic declares, "Shakspere is like an established Church: a noble superstition!" You can see what Mr. Le Gallienne is driving at; but I pity him, for he will be haunted ever after by the thought of having said something with a ring of smartness in it, and inapt every way you look at it, and that is hard on a clever man of letters.

Mr. Street has a real root of originality in him, and he cherishes and waters it. In "Quales Ego" (Lane), a collection of essays on men, books, and things in general, you are aware of the originality, but you perceive its almost over-careful cultivation, and you are warmed and chilled alternately. Yet, while you watch the visible strain to point a chilled alternately. Yet, while you watch the visible strain to point a difference between his thought and that of other men, there is much to admire in his deft handling of his theme, and his style grown easy with much discipline. They were most of them worth reprinting from the various periodicals where they first appeared; for work so neat and graceful is not common. Besides, here and there there are glimpses of the eye that looked on life and saw Tubby. And the matter is always readable. Even the "Eulogy of Charles the Second," and the defence of Ouida, bring back pleasant memories of debating-clubs, when to oppose the general sense was a duty profoundly important to a young man just cutting his mental teeth. Not that Charles and Ouida cannot be defended on serious grounds, but here their misunderstood virtues are rather sacrificed to Mr. Street's purpose, the exercise of his ingenuity. His criticism on Mr. Meredith is less clever and more satisfactory. It is more enthusiastic than it is discriminating, and enthusiasm for anything which is not very much abused by the sense of the age is a hopeful thing in Mr. Street. In some of the little essays on things in general he is at his best, and sometimes he makes his point admirably, never better than in "A Superfluous Label." The fable of the Stupid Fairy's christening gift to the child afterwards known as the Average Person is full of instruction. The gift was a parcel of labels. "They were not many, and were marked each with a word: 'Good,' Bad,' Pathetic,' Humorous,' 'Serious,' 'Comic,' and a few more. 'These gifts,' said she, 'are a charm against thought. When you meet with a person or thing, clap one of them on to him, her, or it, and you will be spared all the pains and evil effects of thinking. But this command I lay upon you, that you use only one at a time.'" There are other goods to be had for the searching in "Quales Ego."

AND ITS THE BOOK STORY.

"THE MOST GORGEOUS LADY BLESSINGTON." *

A book's title, says Burton, is its physiognomy, from which its character may be inferred; and Mr. Molloy makes an unfortunate start by his choice for his subject of a title which is somewhat prejudicial, even though the renowned Dr. Parr be the essential culprit, he having so styled Lady Blessington. In truth, Mr. Molloy's book is itself the most conclusive refutation of its title, since the very last impression of Lady Blessington which it leaves upon you is that of such flashy pretentiousness as the epithet "gorgeous" has come to suggest. It was possible to hold her responsible for the ostentatious extravagance of the Earl during his life, but when she came to shine by her own light as a woman of letters, and the queen of a literary court, no one could charge her with the lack of taste in her *ménage* and of tact in her manners expressed by the word "gorgeous." Indeed, the least distinctive of her many phases was that of a woman of fashion—shallow and showy; and the most characteristic, perhaps, the breadth and depth and constancy of her kindness; for what Landor, in his fine Latin epitaph, says of the secrecy and extent of her beneficence is more true than such *post-mortem* amends for detraction during life usually are. "If,"

during life usually are. "If," writes the Marquis Wellesley to her, "half the happiness you dispense to others is returned to yourself, you will be among the happiest of the human race.

But Mr. Molloy's title is misleading also in another way, since Lady Blessington is no more in his volumes than she was in her salon the centre of a bewildering crowd of celebrities, who are for ever intervening between you and her. Here, however, the reader has as little reason for complaint as the shopman who, in Coleridge's illustration, had passed off upon him by an Irish customer a light for there is hardly one of these celebrities who is not incomparably more interesting than Lady Blessington herself. The glimpses you get of them are generally, to be sure, disenchanting; but that will probably recommend the book to a general recommend the book to a generation so cynical as ours. Byron dying the death of a zealous jockey is not a romantic picture, yet there is no doubt that his death was due—under the doctors to the rivers of medicine he took to keep himself thin. "In leaving Italy for Greece, he had taken medicine enough for the supply of a thousand men for a year. There was little vitality left for the doctor's lancet to drain away, and that little the poet made a dying struggle to retain. Maintaining that "less slaughter was effected by the lance than by the

lancet," he held out against his learned leeches as long as he could; and when he had to give way at last, he cried angrily, "There, you are, I see, a damned set of butchers; take away as much blood as you like, but have done with They had, however, to bleed him three times before they could get quite done with it. On the other hand, the impression you get of Byron's latest and dearest love, the Countess Guiceioli, is unromantic for the opposite reason—that the lady was far from taking pains to keep herself thin. "She sat down to sing," says Jekyll, "at some great house in London, and, after preluding with much pretension, she suddenly stopped, put her hands behind her in a convulsive effort to lessen some pressure in the region of the waist, and exclaimed with a laugh, 'Dio buono! Io troppo mangiato'—'Good God! I've eaten too much.'" How unhesitating, by the way, would have been the answer of this lady, of Byron, of Landor, of Bulwer-Lytton, of Count D'Orsay, Charles Dickens, of almost all Lady Blessington's friends, and even of herself, to the hackneyed question, "Is marriage a failure?" Disraeli certainly was an exception, but an exception which his cynical theory and practice perhaps help to explain. "As for love," he says, "all my friends who married for love and beauty either beat their wives or live apart from them. This is literally the case." On the other

hand, it must be admitted that angels could not have made happy such irritable and irritating men of genius as Byron, Landor, or Lytton. They were unfortunate in their wives, but the ill-fortune was mutual. More than enough has been said of Byron's married unhappiness. Landor, had he married the patient Griselda, he would have been tempted to murder her, if only for her exasperating patience. He is tempted to murder the Secretary of the English Legation in Florence because the caitiff happened to whistle in the street while Mrs. Landor was passing. "This," he writes, "has affected my wife's health, and I am afraid may oblige me to put him to death before we can reach England." The miscreant's life, however, was spared—for no reason that we can see. Bulwer-Lytton was the most ill-starred of the three in his marriage; but, then, the lady herself had a taint of genius in her blood. Whether it was genius, or insanity, or imbecility which inspired her letter of condolence to Mrs. Wyndham Lewis (whom Disraeli afterwards married) upon her husband's death, must be left to the determination of the reader. Having lost a Blenheim spaniel at the same time that Mrs. Wyndham Lewis lost her husband, Mrs. Bulwer compared the two bereavements in her letter of condolence, but claimed pre-eminence for her own, "as being, in the nature of things, the

LADY BLESSINGTON. After Sir Thomas Lawrence,

passion—was but a rung "on young ambition's ladder was he as devoted to her as Mahomet to the aged Kadijah, and probably for the same reason. and probably for the same reason. "She believed in me when none else would believe," cried the Prophet, when urged to divorce her. "In the whole world I had but one friend, and she was that!" It is instructive to contrast the calculating foppery of Disraeli's youth with Count D'Orsay's lifelong coxcombry—a contrast between the business intent of the bee and the intent of the bee and the enjoyment of the ephemeral butterfly in flitting from flower to flower. But the prodigal Count had the generous qualities of his defects. Could anything be more characteristic than the way in which, while himself in desperate difficulties, he came to the rescue of his embarrassed friend, Major Crauford? While the Major is making to him a dismal disclosure of his difficulties, and of his intention to sell his commission in order to muddle away the proceeds in the payment of his debts, the Count interrupts him with the seemingly heartless request, "Then lend me ten pounds out of it." The Major complies sullenly, but is put to shame for his sullenness next morning, when the Count bursts into his rooms,

heaviest and most irreparable of the two." Disraeli's marriage to Mrs. Wyndham Lewis-who was

so many years his senior as to preclude even the pretence of

and empties out from his pockets upon the table £750 in notes and gold. "I staked your ten pounds at Crockford's," he explains, "and won this, which is justly yours, for if I had lost you never would have got back your loan." Altogether, Mr. Molloy has succeeded in conjuring up the salon of Lady Blessington when crowded with most interesting guests at some of the most interesting moments of their lives, and he has thus given us one of the most entertaining and attractive books that we have seen for many a day.

Half-an-hour of concentrated horror may be procured by the perusal of Mr. Frankfort Moore's last effort, "Dr. Koomahdi of Ashantee" of Mr. Frankfort Moore's last effort, "Dr. Koomahdi of Ashantee" (Constable). The story has nothing to do with recent events in that part of Africa, except for its suggestion that natives of Ashantee are hopeful children of the Devil. The plot of the rejected suitor, a coloured gentleman, of European education, habits, and manners, must not be disclosed; but there is an ugly fascination in it that will probably make you read to the end of a very disagreeable and very clever little story. Mr. Moore throws it in the faces of those who would treat black and white as if they were equal. But then, Dr. Koomahdi belonged to a family quite exceptionally gifted for evil. Ashantee malice mated with average Ashantee powers would hardly produce anything so picturesquely hateful, or make so effective a story.

^{* &}quot;The Most Gorgeous Lady Blessington." By J. Fitzgerald Molloy. With a Portrait of Lady Blessington, 2 Vols. London: Downey and Co.

SOCIETY ON CYCLES.

When to light up:—To-day, 6.43; to-morrow, 6.45; March 6, 6.46; March 7, 6.48; March 8, 6.50; March 9, 6.51; March 10, 6.53. When to extinguish:—To-day, 5.40; to-morrow, 5.37; March 6, 5.35; March 7, 5.33; March 8, 5.31; March 9, 5.29; March 10, 5.26.

Mr. Balfour uses a "Moonlight" lamp on his "Sparkbrook" machine.

The great cycling match, under the auspices of the Bath Road C.C., between the Marquis of Queensberry and Mr. C. B. Lawes, the well-known sculptor, which was announced in this page, has been decided, the nobleman covering the ten miles (near Cobham) in 35 min. 4½ sec.—1 min. 57 sec. faster than the time occupied by Mr. Lawes. Among those who assisted at the event were Sir Claude de Crespigny, Mr. R. C. Devereux, and Mr. H. Burr.

Mr. Lawes, who, like his opponent, is fifty-two years of age, will be remembered as the winner of the first amateur mile running championship ever instituted—this being in 1866, when he accomplished the distance in 4 min. 39 sec. He has also played cricket with much success. He is the only son and heir of Sir John Bennet Lawes, and has a studio in Chelsea Bridge Road.

The Earl of Lathom has been elected president of the North Liverpool Bicycle Club.

I understand that a ladies' cycling club is in course of formation at Hyde. The ex-Mayoress, Mrs. John Oldham, is much interested in the movement.

More news from the doctors. We are now told that the new wheeling disease is the bicycle-hand. It is described as a numbness of the fingers, usually the two fingers nearest the ends of the handle-bars. The numbness is due to the vibration of the machine, and one well-known racer says that, after a long race on the track or the road, his third and fourth fingers of each hand are quite dead, the sensation continuing for a day or two. And we are waiting for the next, please.

My attention has been called to a new invention. New inventions and cycling go hand in hand. In this case the hand is largely concerned. Councillor Main, of Glasgow, has patented the Regina Hygienic Cycle. It is intended to be a means by which not only do riders secure exercise for the hands and arms as well as for the legs, but reduction of the present work entailed on the legs. You pedal with your feet the while you also propel with your arms, the handles being reversible, and connected with the front wheel, application of the gear to which costs, I am informed, three pounds.

It seems to me that it is high time the National Cyclists' Union went carefully into their rules, and recognised natural developments. This is not an age of amateurism. The influence of money grows stronger day by day, and will continue so to do. Most of us who look calmly at the situation must regret the threatened extinction of amateurism, but, all the same, it is only the wilfully foolish who refuse to recognise professionalism. My chief charge against the N.C.U. is the mixture which they permit. So long as the authorities license amateurs and professionals and makers' amateurs, so long will the spirit of hypocrisy and deception obtain. There was a time when we had similar trouble in football, but, though a vestige of it remains, common sense is steadily prevailing.

Who would not be a successful racing cyclist—if he could? I learn that A. A. Zimmerman, the onetime champion rider of the world, possesses no fewer than seventy-eight medals won in various parts of the world, as well as a vast collection of trophics. Their total value is said to be estimated at £8000. Zimmerman thinks he has not done yet!

A long statement on the coming N.C.U. meetings and the Progressive propaganda has reached us. It is signed by H. Arnold (North Road C.C.), J. Blair (Catford C.C.), F. W. Baily (Anerley B.C.), G. W. Capern (Surrey B.C.), E. Campbell (Catford C.C.), M. Goodman (Surrey B.C.), W. J. Harvey (Bath Road Club), R. A. Marples (Anerley B.C.), R. J. Owen (Polytechnic C.C.), L. Stroud (Oxford Union B.C.), T. Underwood (Brixton Ramblers), C. G. Vallancy (Polytechnic C.C.), and F. P. Wood (Bath Road Club). I append a few excerpts—

In the name of the London Section of the Progressive Party in the National Cyclists' Union we desire to again emphasise the fact, which has never been controverted, that the present system of administering the racing laws of the N.C.U. has been a practical failure, owing chiefly to causes which we do not believe can be avoided under the existing constitution of the N.C.U. Therefore, one of our immediate aims is to reform and simplify racing legislation on lines suggested by past experience and present developments. In any endeavour we may make to this end we wish it to be distinctly understood that we are working legitimately to conserve amateurism, to foster professionalism, and to provide honest sport. As it is our opinion that the existing racing legislation has entailed vexatious and unnecessary restrictions on clubs, we desire that they should have greater freedom in the management of their internal affairs. We are not making overtures to obtain the covert support of other athletic bodies, nor suggesting alliances derogatory to the dignity, the influence, and the usefulness of the N.C.U. We, as cyclists, assert the independence of the N.C.U., and are desirous that its rights in this way shall have the fullest recognition from other athletic associations. We wish it to be also understood that we have no intention of seceding from the N.C.U. We will continue to support it, and shall endeavour to cultivate in it a better state of things. In pursuance of this policy we shall be forced to minimise the influence of a numerically small but well-established oligarchy with whom the development of sport and the advancement of cycle-racing are apparently subsidiary to certain personal aims and desires,

THE NEW FRENCH POSTAGE-STAMP.

There is something decidedly original and unconventional about the design of the newest French postage-stamp. M. Grasset, the well-known artist, was commissioned by the Minister of Commerce to send in a sample drawing, and there is a certain refreshing boldness about the result. Leaving on one side the hitherto accepted Minerva-like figure of the Goddess of Liberty, M. Grasset shows us Madame la République Française in the more engaging guise of a curly-headed girl, holding in her left hand an olive-branch of peace, while her right clasps a sword-hilt. If the present Minister sees fit to accept the design, future collectors will have



cause to rejoice, for the year 1896 will have seen the introduction of the only artistic postage-stamp ever issued by those in authority over our lively neighbours. Nothing could have been uglier than the well-known side-face of Napoleon III., save, perhaps, the design which immediately replaced it when M. Thiers was elected to the Presidency. By the way, most people will probably agree that for a long time the Greek postage-stamp bore the palm, as far as beauty and appropriateness of design were concerned; now the delicate, intelligent little face of Alphonso gives a special interest to not only the postage-stamps, but also to the coinage of sunny Spain. Much remains to be done to make British stamps worthy as works of art.

A FOOTBALL CHALLENGE SHIELD.

The Royal Horse Artillery and Royal Artillery Football Challenge Shield is interesting, in view of the efforts of the last few years to raise the morale and physique of Tommy Atkins. A massive plinth of oak carries a shield of solid silver, bearing upon its inner panel a secondary

shield of the same precious metal, displaying the regimental badge and the inscription, "Challenge Football Shield for Royal Horse Artillery and Royal Artillery in Woolwich District," flanked by laurel-wreaths, and crowned and supported by the regimental mottoes emblazoned upon silver ribbons; twenty-one miniature "Socker" balls, modelled in silver, destined to carry the "roll of fame," surround the periphery; the Royal Crown surmounting and completing a harmonious whole. This shield has been instituted by Officers and Staff of the Woolwich District with a view to increasing the interest and improving the play of the various teams connected with the two branches of the Royal Regiment, and is to be comneted for annually by all



batteries and companies of the Artillery stationed at Woolwich. Sixteen teams have entered for the competition this year, so that some good sport may be expected. And little wonder, for the trophy, which has been designed and modelled by Mappin and Webb, is something we'll worth competing for.

PARLIAMENT.

BY "A CAUTIOUS CONSERVATIVE."

The Conservative opposition to Mr. Claney's Evicted Tenants Bill was certainly rather at variance with some Unionist declarations in 1894. But the difference is simple enough. The argument either for or against the use of public money for reinstating these evicted tenants in Ireland rests on the question of public policy. If they constituted a serious social danger, which could be removed solely by the expenditure of a few thousand pounds, it would be politic to spend the money and restore social peace to Ireland. In 1894 a good many Unionists were inclined to take that view. But since the Unionist Government came into office things have changed. The evicted tenants are seen now not to be a substantial cause for alarm. Evictions are steadily declining in number, and the new Land Bill will make them even rarer; while the evicted tenants themselves have, to the number of 37,000 out of 40,000, since 1879 made terms voluntarily with their landlords. Thus Mr. Gerald Balfour was on very firm ground in resisting the Nationalist demand, and he carried the whole Unionist Party with him, except obstinate Mr. Leonard Courtney, a Liberal-Unionist who always thinks he knows better than anyone else. Sir Albert Bellit, a Consequential of the courtney of the courtney of the courtney of the courtney of the courtney. better than anyone else, Sir Albert Rollit, a Conservative of a similar type, and Mr. Horace Plunkett, who has excellent personal reasons for siding with the Irishmen when it is safe. The Chief Secretary's rather indiscreet reference to Liberal-Unionist declarations in favour of relief to the evicted tenants, and his pointed assertion that the Conservatives had committed themselves to no such doctrines, caused some temporary joy in the hearts of the Radicals, and, perhaps, of Sir Ashmead-Bartlett; but too much notice was taken of what was a totally inoffensive remark as Mr. Balfour spoke it. At the same time, it is true that Mr. Gerald Balfour is more Lord Salisbury's nephew than his brother Arthur is. This was his first "blazer," though an unintentional one.

WHAT WILL THE IRISHMEN DO?

The immediate interest in the rejection of Mr. Claney's Bill is not so much in any momentary irritation of one or two Liberal-Unionists. A certain amount of harm is, indeed, liable to be done by too much makebelieve in the identity of political doctrine between the two Unionist sections. It was a mistake to elect Mr. Kemp, for instance, to the Carlton, and he has done wisely in not accepting the election, since he cannot call himself a Conservative. The Unionists are not all Conservatives, and it is no use pretending that they are: our joint business is rather to avoid the subjects on which we differ, and let time work. At present, at all events, the Unionist Government is unaffected by the minor mutinies and club criticisms which are made so much of by isolated members. But the rejection of this Irish Bill is a distinct defiance of both sections of the Nationalists, and it will be curious to see how they take it. Most likely they will be as nasty as possible on the coming Land Bill. In fact, it looks now as if this would be the only really controversial measure to come on before Easter.

THE NEW RULES.

On Thursday night Mr. Balfour's new Rules were adopted after a late sitting, and yet another opportunity for obstruction has been removed from the Irish members. Perhaps the most extraordinary feature in the debate was the lack of any substantial opposition. The effect of this automatic closuring of Supply is revolutionary in the extreme, yet only sixty-five members in all voted against it. Mr. Balfour, I must say, took the most light and airy view of his proposals. How light and airy only leaked out at the very end of the debate, when the Leader of the House suddenly revealed the astonishing fact that if any votes in Supply had not been taken on the nineteenth day, they would, he imagined, be all put to the House to reject or accept, as Mr. Lowther phrased it, in a heap. That is to say, there would be no opportunity of rejecting a single vote individually. This revelation struck the House all of a heap, like the threatened estimates themselves, and there can be no doubt whatever that members had been misled. But Mr. Balfour did not seem to see any objection. "What did it matter? Votes never were rejected." True enough, but if so, why discuss them at all? It is rather a large order to find Mr. Balfour airily confessing that the whole thing was merely a fiction.

POOR PRIVATE MEMBERS.

The long and the short of this new procedure is that the private member is doomed, and the tyranny of the Cabinet more pronounced than ever. This is all very well, as Mr. Birrell said in his witty speech, for the bold bad men who have "arrived," who made their Parliamentary reputation by badgering Ministers in Supply, and are now comfortably ensconced on the Treasury Bench. But, as all opportunities for self-assertion are gradually cut off from the private member, the House of Commons is ceasing to offer a real career to anyone not specially favoured by rank or by an outside reputation. Apart from Mr. Birrell's wittieisms, there was not much in the speeches in this debate. Mr. Geoffrey Drage made a maiden speech which was hardly a success. Mr. Drage is a clever young man, who cannot quite forget it. He is not overburdened with tact, and he did not seem to realise that you may eriticise Sir William Harcourt on a Derby platform in a way which is not suitable for a new member in the House of Commons. But maiden speeches are no test. Mr. Drage's undoubted ability will soon find scope in the real work of the House. Another young Conservative who has not yet done himself justice in the House is Mr. Coningsby Disraeli, who made an amusing little speech in this debate. Being the nephew of his uncle, it is curious that Mr. Disraeli should have failed.

PARLIAMENT.

BY "A RASH RADICAL."

Mr. John Morley has come back to the House of Commons and taken his seat by Sir William Harcourt's side. It was very pleasant to discern on both sides a note of unaffected cordiality in their greeting. Mr. Morley is very popular in the House, though there is a certain shyness and reserve about his demeanour which conceals a warm and affectionate temperament, and one of the most delightful and sensitive of natures. He brings into the House an atmosphere rarer, nobler, than that which the average politician breathes; his mind moves on loftier planes of thinking than those of the men by whom he is surrounded and whom he faces. That he will be a great Parliamentarian I do not think, but he was never more powerful in the country, where he always speaks well, and where his loftiness of phrasing and largeness of outlook remind the mass of Liberals of Mr. Gladstone. His advent, however, does not altogether rid the Opposition of the difficulties which arise from the coldness existing between Lord Rosebery and Sir William Harcourt—in a measure, indeed, it accentuates them. Mr. Morley has convinced himself that the main business of the Opposition must be done in the House of Commons, and that, as a necessary business arrangement, Sir William Harcourt will have to be largely supreme in the councils of the Party. Meanwhile, Lord Rosebery does not resign, or intend to resign, the titular leadership; he is to address the coming meeting of the National Liberal Federation, he is speaking at the Eighty Club, and he actively and vigilantly maintains his ground. What will come of it all it is difficult for the moment to say.

THE OPPOSITION.

Meanwhile, the Opposition is picking up heart; they have had three sweeping successes in the country, which have showed them that they are much stronger there than in the Commons. On the other hand, the Government are not now doing well; they made an initial blunder in the new Rules of Procedure, which have been most coldly received on their own benches and have aroused the hostility of lively, clever, not too scrupulous and extremely adroit frondeurs like Mr. Gibson Bowles, who has already, on more than one occasion, made it extremely warm for his respected leader. The Bills are hanging fire, and there is serious threat of trouble over such proposals as have already seen the light. The purely Protectionist Bill for the exclusion of cattle from abroad is going to alienate many of the Tories who sit for urban constituencies, and is not uniformly popular among the farmers. The Aliens Bill will, I prophesy, lead to a great fiasco.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN.

Mr. Chamberlain's position is undoubtedly a difficult one, and is not made easier by the tone of the Standard, and by such fatuous expressions as were made by Mr. Gerard Balfour on the Evicted Tenants Bill. On the whole, the new Irish Secretary is verifying all that the prophets of evil have said about him. He is a harder, more dogmatic, less genial, less wise, less witty Arthur Balfour, and it looks as if the story of the old-style Irish Secretary in its least restricted and crudest form were going to be repeated. In the debate on the Parnellite Bill, Mr. Gerald Balfour came very badly to grief. He went back absolutely on the Unionist pledges for a voluntary settlement of the question, precisely on the lines suggested by the Bill, and, having driven the Irishmen of all sections into a state of fury, he was foolish enough to turn on the Unionists and openly repudiate them. Confronted with their pledges in favour of such a measure as was before the House, he dismissed them with a sneer that they were Liberal-Unionists and not Conservative-Unionists. Mr. Chamberlain looked exceeding black at this blundering distinction between his own Party and the Tories, and the sneer will not be readily forgotten or forgiven. whole speech, indeed, was chiefly ominous on account of its extremely tactless tone. No sensible man now on either side wants to get back to the old Cocreion days, but if we have any more speeches like Mr. Gerald Balfour's, we shall be within measurable distance of them.

THE NEW WITS.

The House of Commons is getting to itself a couple of new wits. Mr. Labouchere and Sir Wilfrid Lawson are only occasionally available as jesters; now we have two new humorists, in the persons of Mr. Gibson Bowles and Mr. Birrell. Mr. Bowles's wit is slightly in the order of cheek: cynical, defiant, careless, with now and then a shrewd and bitter thrust. Mr. Birrell's wit is of a much more genial kind, more literary, more distinguished in form, but wanting the keen point with which Tommy barbs his arrows. Mr. Bowles got some excellent fun out of that portentous person, Sir Ughtred K. Shuttleworth, and a supposed wager into which he had drawn a solemn Yorkshireman about the Jamaica peer. Mr. Bowles repudiated the debt, because he declared Sir Ughtred had neglected to utter the sacramental word "done." Mr. Birrell, an evening or so later, made excellent fun about a private member over whose imaginary troubles the House—the most hypocritical of assemblies—has been dropping a good many erocodile-tears.

Trilby has a lot to account for. The other day a young lady born and bred in a circle of the most conventional society possible threatened, "for fun," to call her more intimate men-friends by their Christian names, and she, in turn, was to be called "Mabel" by them. She has been demoralised by too much Du Maurier.

WORLD OF SPORT. THE

FOOTBALL.

Next Saturday we are to have the first of the season's Association Internationals, so far as England is concerned. The tournament this season is very likely to assume a much more serious aspect than usual. As a rule, Ireland and Wales cause little trouble to either England or Scotland—and, for that matter, England has, of late years, secured the measure of the Scotsmen—but this year all will probably be changed. As I have previously announced, the Scottish authorities have decided, for the first time, to utilise the services of Scotsmen resident with English League clubs.

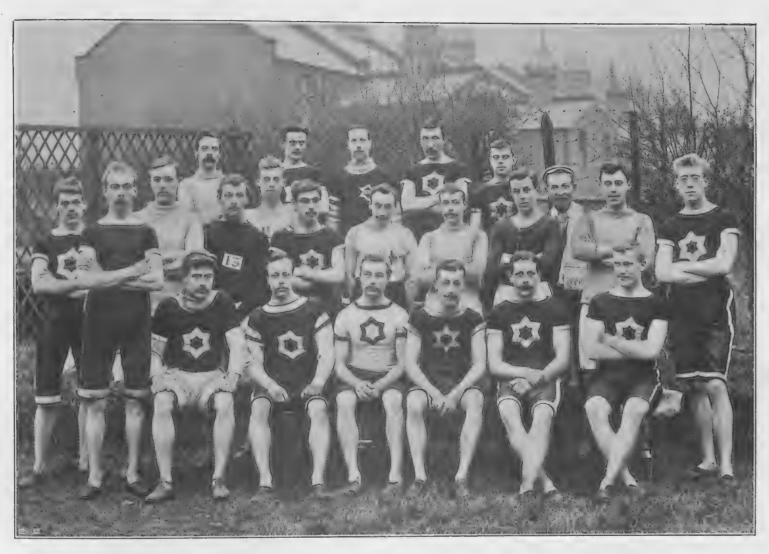
This means, of course, that Scotland will now be a foc to be dreaded, for it need hardly be stated that the majority of the crack professionals in this country were born and bred over the Border. Those who look for a large percentage of Anglo-Scots in the Scottish teams this season are likely to find themselves much mistaken. Theoretically, the idea of calling upon "renegades" holds great favour with Scottish legislators; but when the time comes for picking the elevens, I am inclined to the kingdom. Other certainties were L. V. Lodge, the pride of the South, at back; and E. Needham, the Sheffield United captain, and J. W.

Crabtree, of Aston Villa, at half.

The team is completed by the insertion of Kinsey at left-half, a deserving player who has done much for Derby County this season; W. J. Oakley, of Oxford University, at left-back; G. B. Raikes, the Dark Blue goal-keeper; and G. O. Smith, the Oxford captain, with Spikesley, of Sheffield Wednesday, and Chadwick, of Everton, among the forwards. I have nothing to say against any one of these players, but here and there it seems to me that an improvement could have been made. Oakley, for instance, although a very good man, as amateurs go, has many superiors even among the amateurs, chief of whom is C. H. McGahey, of the City Ramblers, a magnificently built fellow, with a remarkably safe style.

CRICKET.

I am informed, on the best authority, that the Prince of Wales has signified his intention of visiting Sheffield Park on the occasion of the



FINCHLEY HARRIERS, THE WINNERS OF THE SENIOR CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE SOUTHERN COUNTIES. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SYMMONS AND THIELE, CHANCERY LANE.

opinion that the spirit of cliquism will prevail, and that only a very few English-Scotch professionals will be honoured with a cap.

Nevertheless, England has done well to take the warning seriously to heart. This is made manifest in the team to represent England against Ireland. Hitherto, as must be well known, we were content to pit a purely amateur side against Ireland or Wales, with a professional team to face the other, and those who acquitted themselves best were chosen to play against Scotland. This appropriate the property of cares being given play against Scotland. This arrangement permitted of caps being given to players who, however deserving, would otherwise have necessarily had to be overlooked. But, at the same time, it was a plan fraught with some danger, since little combination could be guaranteed for the match we most desired to win.

The team to play Ireland on Saturday next is neither solely amateur

The team to play Ireland on Saturday next is neither solely amateur nor professional. It is a mixture of the two classes, and a mighty potent mixture at that. Indeed, I do not look for many alterations from it for the team to visit Scotland. And yet I cannot say that it is satisfactory. For the right-wing forwards there could have been, of course, no better men than Stephen Bloomer, of Derby County, and W. J. Bassett, of West Bromwich Albion, the latter of whom seems to be inseparable from International teams. Bloomer, too, on the season's form, has no equal in any forward rank, and I believe I am correct in stating that the young Derby man has scored more goals than any other player in the

first match of the Australian Cricket Eleven which will visit these shores during the ensuing summer. Lord Sheffield will, as usual, get together

They appear to have some people in a desperate hurry in Eastbourne. The authorities of that pretty seaside town have just selected the South of England Eleven which is to oppose the Australians at Eastbourne in May, and the names as announced are K. S. Ranjitsinhji, Messrs. J. R. Mason, G. Brann, F. G. J. Ford, C. J. Kortright, and J. Brown, with Rutt Mond Alea Harrage and Monting together with a like No. C. D. Butt, Mead, Alee Hearne, and Martin, together with either Mr. C. B. Fry or Mr. G. J. Mordaunt.

So far as these names are concerned, nobody can conscientiously

cavil, though it would, of course, be idle to pretend that it is the strongest we could turn out; but what I am particularly astonished at is the premature arrangement. How on earth is it possible to choose a team now for a match to be played in May? One might just as well select the England eleven. But let us not be too greatly concerned. These seaside teams never do turn out as originally announced, and, in

the second place, current form is bound to be a consideration.

Mr. C. P. Foley, who is being charged together with Dr. Jameson, is the well-known Middlesex and ex-Cambridge University batsman. Foley has a very pretty and safe style, and is often useful in the field at third man. He last played for his county in 1894.

ATHLETICS.

News is to hand of a Russian peasant who recently walked from Askabad to Vladivostok, a distance of more than six thousand miles. This should be welcome intelligence for bootmakers, who have been watching the development of cycling with mixed feelings.

The Finchley Harriers are to be congratulated on having again won the Senior Championship of the Southern Counties.

YACHTING.

I understand that on March 7 the *Britannia* is to be in readiness to embark the Prince of Wales, for the purpose of making a cruise as far as Palermo, touching at Corsica, Sardinia, and Naples.

GOLF.

I hear that the Royal Liverpool Club has decided to reject a proposal

to admit a number of non-playing members.

The secretaryship of the Seascale Club will still be in the hands of Mr. Henry Braithwaite, that gentleman's acquiescence being contingent on a promise that a clerk will be employed to help him in the discharge of the duties.

Here are some fixtures for the ensuing week-

March 4—Lytham and St. Ann's Club: Ladies' Bogey Competition.

, 6—Edinburgh Golf Club: Monthly Medal.

, 7—Bury Golf Club: Monthly Medal.

, 7—Royal Liverpool Golf Club: Winter Optional.

, 7—North Manchester Club: Bogey Competition.

, 7—Fairhaven Golf Club: Monthly Medal.

, 7—Fairfield Club: Monthly Medal.

, 7—Warwickshire Club: General Meeting.

, 7—Tooting Bec Club: Monthly Medal Handicap Competition.

, 7—Southwold Golf Club: Monthly Competition (Match).

, 7—Kenilworth Club: Coventry Mixed Foursomes.

, 7—Southend Club: Monthly Handicap (Match).

, 7—Finchley Club: Monthly Medal.

OLYMPIAN.

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

As all the racing world knows, race-glasses can be hired on the course, but I think it ought to be possible to also obtain the loan of an umbrella on paying a small fee. Many men object to carting their best silk umbrellas to the course, but these same persons would willingly hire an umbrella during a raging storm. Further, I think boot-blacks should be allowed to ply for hire inside the Metropolitan race enclosures. am certain they would drive a roaring trade, as the dust in summer and the mud in winter cause a lot of grumbling, and scores of ladies and gentlemen would gladly pay a handsome fee for a brush-up previous to entering the train on the return journey.

Racing literature is in great demand once more, but the supply is not likely to fail. I hear of a halfpenny evening paper that is to be started shortly that will devote much of its space to sporting news. Further, a halfpenny morning sporting paper is likely to be started at the beginning of the Lincoln Meeting. Then it is reported that one or two old weekly sporting papers will be turned into bi- or tri-weeklies, so that sportsmen will be well catered for during the coming season. The great drawback to any paper devoted entirely to sport is the risk of six weeks' frost and Indeed, very few of them can be made to pay expenses during an open winter.

I am told the market in future events has never been more unreliable than it is at present, and the few transactions reported are simply concerning bets made by the agents of the Continental firms. Owners of racehorses nowadays do not give orders for their commissions to be worked until the numbers have gone up, when they can generally get on all the money they want to lay-out at a fair market rate of odds. Ante-post betting will soon become a thing of the past, and of this it is certain backers are not likely to lose by the change. It is far better to make sure of a run for the money, even though less odds have to be accepted, than it is to find that the horse fancied by the public was never even meant to start for the race he has been daily quoted for.

As I have stated many times before, Regret will, in my opinion, win the Derby. John Porter thinks him a wonder, and the Master of Kingsclere does not make many mistakes about the classic races. I learn with much pleasure that the Prince of Wales is satisfied with the progress made by his colt Persimmon, whose victory would be the most popular of the series. At the same time, the book is against Persimmon, in whose favour it can, however, be added that he was dead out of form when beaten at Newmarket by St. Frusquin. I certainly thought the Prince's colt the most likely-looking of the two-year-olds to win the Derby; but I cannot oppose the opinion of such a judge as Mr. John Porter.

The late Fred Archer indulged over-freely in Turkish-baths to keep his weight down, while Fred Webb, Watts, and even John Osborne, go in for twenty-mile walks with sweaters on for the same purpose. I learn, however, that the younger jockeys do neither, and they even discard the nowever, that the younger jockeys do neither, and they even discard the usual dose of salts. On the other hand, they resort to the use of a certain drug, which is said to be highly dangerous, although convenient. It seems the new drug will keep the jockey's weight well down during the off-season, but it gains such a hold on him that he is obliged to take it all the year round to quiet his nerves. This practice certainly ought to be discouraged by his medical advisers.

A FAMOUS PARISIAN MODEL.

The death of Mdlle. Sarah Brown deprives Paris and her artists of one of the most famous models of recent times. The wild doings of Mdlle. Brown gave her a cachet of distinction irrespective of her beauty. For, statements to the contrary notwithstanding, most models of note are careful of excesses, knowing well that such will do much to mar the plastic beauty which forms their means of livelihood. But the ruddy-haired Jewess, who at various times has appeared upon the walls of the Salon as "Circe," "Venus," "Une Baigneuse," and in many other similar

studies of "the altogether," was no anchorite.

"Why should I not be gay?" she said one day, while sipping absinthe. "I have beauty, I am much in demand, I am well paid. What is the use of leading a nun's life, because, forsooth, I may have a crease or two more in my torso, or my eyes be, on the instant, a little less bright? Life is meant to be lived, not lived for. When Monsieur—ceases to assure me that I am the most perfect model he has ever known—and he has painted everyone of consequence—then it will be time to pull up."

A ray of strong sunlight caught her magnificent tresses, piled together carelessly in their luxuriance, and showed them fleeked with strands of gold as they appeared in M. Rochegrosse's "Belshazzar's Feast," where she is depicted as a drunken Bacchante, lying in abandoned semi-nudity, with the light of dawn tinging her magnificent tresses.

"What a magnificent drunken Bacchante I looked!" she said. "And what a becoming costume"—with an almost cynical smile—" to be sure!



A piece of jewelled gauze and a gem-studded ceinture. I was drunk

at several of the sittings. I always try to act my part, you see.
"I can earn what I require," she went on: "I receive good pay; but I am worth it. For I save my employer perhaps three models, because he can paint the whole of me. And composite-pictures—a leg here, an arm there; the bust from one, the face from another—are not nearly so satisfactory."

Many of her escapades have passed into traditions; how she made her appearance at a models' ball in the Latin Quarter muffled up to the cars in furs and draperics, when her camarades were in the classical simplicity of attire which the originators had laid down as en règle, to reappear, when their astonishment had cooled down, as "Aphrodite," with a filigree silver mirror in her hand, and, beyond a wisp of gauze, no other drapery than that afforded by her luxuriant, knee-long hair. How, at Mardi-Gras a few years ago, she proposed a "Models' Car," and calmly offered to peregrinate the Boulevards as the central figure in a similar want of attire, is, perhaps, well known. Of these sort of pranks she was prodigal. Indeed, the seeds of the disease (consumption) which carried her off at last are probably traceable to one of her freaks, when she, for a bet, walked home from a studio where she had been posing, clad in nothing but a pair of slippers and a long cloak.

During her career, Mdlle. Brown must have earned immense sums, but she spent what she got. Not always on herself, however, for the poor received alms bountifully from her—in her best moods. Perhaps these freeligh deads of greater and a standard of the last stan freakish deeds of goodness may be placed in the balance on her behalf,

LADIES' PAGES. OUR

FASHIONS UP TO DATE.

"Faint heart never won fair lady"—or the very first example of a new mode—and, though I am perfectly willing to admit that the temperature of these last days has been calculated to make us turn with renewed affection to our warmest winter garments (erstwhile viewed with positive distaste and threatened with immediate rejection), this is a case in which we must give many thoughts to the morrow, and provide it with garments suitable for the spring sunshine which is bound to come upon us unawares. Personally, I shall welcome the return of the mild weather with effusion, for will it not make possible the wearing of a fascinating little garment, which has many loops of broad and beautiful chiné ribbon, with a raised design in white velvet, standing out over the shoulders and doing duty as sleeves, while a V of openwork jet fits into the figure both at the back and in the front, and filmy frills of black net are also pressed into the service and used as a ruffle for the neck and a background for clusters of brilliant velvet-petalled nasturtiums?

At present this thing of beauty is in the possession of Mr. Peter Robinson, safely guarded (within his storehouse of feminine treasures at 256 to 264, Regent Street) by a price which, though it shares the pleasing moderation of all his charges, must not be considered when your dress-allowance is at its last ebb; but I fancy that a change of owners is immigrant, and that very speedily.

imminent, and that very speedily.

Embroidered grass-lawn capes, combined with the chiffon which is always with us, are likely to be very much worn; there is an apparent simplicity about their smartness which makes them very desirable, and they are calculated to enter into harmonious relations with any gown or hat, a consideration by no means to be despised.

One of the very prettiest which Mr. Peter Robinson will shortly be

showing is made beautiful by insertions of lace and a fine embroidery of jet, and is bordered with two voluminous frills of finely kilted chiffon,

while an enormous ruffle of chiffon encircles the neck.

Behold its portrait, and forthwith succumb to its charms, which are rendered still more irresistible by the presence of an exquisite little bonnet, which has copied the peasants' caps in shape, but, as regards material, has wandered away into the glittering beauty of jet sequins, the bandeaus



edged with a tiny ruffling of Valenciennes lace, and the whole backed by a wide-spreading bow of turquoise-blue velvet, each of the three points in front being accentuated by the presence of a giant jet cabochon, with a turquoise set in the centre. If you so will, you can have strings of black over white tulle, but their presence would necessitate the absence of a ruffled cape collar, as the two together would not be desirable—in fact, we shall have to exercise some discretion in making a choice between flow desting beauty and between allowed. a choice between filmy, floating bonnet- and hat-strings and cloudy ruffles which jealously hide the neck.

When, however, the summer is really with us, the most fashionable gowns will be guiltless of any collar at all, and will be cut in a tiny square at the neck, and there softened by a little ruffling of chiffon or lives and then the table string will be a walken and most becoming lace, and then the tulle strings will be a welcome and most becoming finish to our toilettes, as you can imagine.

Meanwhile, the interval between ruffles and bare necks must be bridged over, and by capes; so perhaps you will, in view of this fact, now give your consideration to the rival claims of the other cape, where black reigns supreme.

Its possession would inevitably fill you with an ever-present desire to

turn your back upon your friends, and display to them the beauty of the



series of points, which are outlined with a soft edging of feathertrimming and frills of accordion-pleated chiffon, to say nothing of the glittering embroidery of jet which adorns its satin surface, the enormously high collar, too, being cleft open in the centre, to admit a satin bow.

Not that for one moment would I disparage the charms of the front, which forms a broad V, and is held in to the waist by a long-ended bow of satin ribbon. Far from it, but my heart has gone out to those gracefully hanging points, and I fancy that yours will follow in the same fully hanging points, and I fancy that yours will follow in the same direction. I should like to introduce you also to the accompanying hat, which is a wonderful arrangement of pink straw and plaited silk, the slightly curved brim edged with a little ruching of grey chiffon, and revealing the presence, under each side, of a cluster of black roses. The high crown is held in first by gathered ruchings, and then breaks out into two frills of chiné ribbon, with black and pink as the predominating colours, the finishing touch being given by a huge black osprey, which rises high at the right side, and then sweeps over to the left in a manner new even to the enterprising osprey, which has been taking up a more and more important position in the millinery world just lately.

Still one more hat—of coarse black straw this time—was bedecked, I may tell you, with masses of tender-green roses, and had a high crown,

may tell you, with masses of tender-green roses, and had a high crown, adorned at the back with a long-ended bow of black velvet, fastened by diamond buttons, while two ostrich feathers-one white and one blueshared the remaining honours of trimming with loops of green glacé ribbon, veiled with black tulle, a long scarf of black tulle being also provided to twist carelessly round the neck of the very enterprising

But to return to our first love, the capes—the fashionable grebe is the chosen trimming for those destined for immediate wear, and it looks chosen trimming for those destined for immediate wear, and it looks remarkably well, for instance, with a black satin background, the fulness arranged over the shoulders in pleats, which are fastened by diamond-centred rosettes; while as to the grebe collars—cut in scallops and bordered with black chiffon, or simply forming a tie, fastened with a bunch of violets and with jabot ends of lace as a finish—their name is legion, though their variety is by no means infinite.

I met a girl in Bond Street the other day whose plain, tailor-made dress was rendered distinguished by the presence of one of these grebe ties caught together with a knot of vivid-searlet geraniums, and she also had a toque of black velvet sewn with jet and bordered with grebe, those same brilliant flowers again making an effective appearance in company

with a black-and-white Paradise osprey. The combination was exceedingly good, and I commend it to the notice of any of you who may be considering the purchase of the latest tie.

Or again, for those economically inclined, or desirous of obtaining a thoroughly smart and withal useful little garment, does not Mr. Peter Robinson provide every possible variety of the tan- or biscuit-coloured cloth cape (from 27s. 6d.), short and moderately full as to shape, and adorned with various forms of strapping, stitching, or appliqué, though one and all are alike as regards the bearing of Fashion's badge—the It may be small, or it may be large, but it is always there, and it generally owns the mother-of-pearl as its near relative.

Altogether, the time is ripe for the purchase of our outer coverings for the spring and early summer, and, if you begin your search thus early, you give yourself time for the halting between two-or twentyopinions, which, in the case of the choice of clothes, is so delightful

to all of us.

Now I want you to pay a return visit to the Comedy and "Gossip," for the purpose of making the acquaintance of Miss Calhoun's first-act



MISS CALHOUN'S DRESS IN ACT I. OF "GOSSIP."

dress, which, apart from its own inherent beauty, is distinguished by the most entirely charming variety of the new sleeve which I have as yet had the pleasure of meeting. You can see by the sketch how the arm is closely outlined by the transparent, shirred folds of the chiffon, while beyond the outer seams comes a cascade of graduated frills, wide at the shoulder and tapering to a mere point at the wrist, where a little ruffling of chiffon falls over the hand.

Only the softest and thinnest silks can vie at all with chiffon in the formation of such a sleeve, and, therefore, unless it is utilised in the meantime for evening, you must wait till the summer brings gardenparties and other smart functions in its train before you can revel in its soft beauty; but it is a sleeve to be remembered and to be copied on the

first possible occasion.

As for the dress itself, it has a soft, almost clinging skirt of exquisite blue, in a wonderfully crimped and waved silk, which has somewhat the appearance of a glorified crépon, and which opens out into a ruche-like fulness at the hem in a way which is as charming as it is original. The bodice, in its turn, has one of the deep, draped ceintures which promise to be so much used this season (though only the slim and graceful must dare to venture upon them), carried out in soft silk, while above it comes the softly gathered fulness of a chiffon chemisette, which is transparent at the top and leaves the neck entirely free.

Welcome as this disappearance of the collar may be, it only appeals to the fortunate minority with white, softly rounded necks (of whom Miss Calhoun is one); the others will take refuge inside voluminous ruffles or the softly swathed folds of tulle strings.

For Dame Fashion has no liking whatever for the medium course, but loves extremes, and devotes herself to them in this and in other cases. Just as in the millinery modes, you must either smother a miniature flower-garden beneath clouds of tulle, or content yourself with a muchtwisted straw hat adorned with severe simplicity and a high bow of chine ribbon or a spray of shaded leaves

And, apropos of leaves, I would not advise any of you to indulge in one of those hats where the trimming consists of triple frills of glace silk, their undulating, stiffened edges outlined by trails of small leaves, for I have seen even a very pretty woman look wild and almost distraught

when so crowned.

Another of Miss Calhoun's dresses—a flowing robe of tea-rose yellow erépe de Chine, satin-striped—has a quaint little zouave of gilded leather which looks wonderfully effective (though it may not sound very romantic), especially as it is bordered with an embroidery of jet and an appliqué of mellow-tinted lace.

Miss Esmé Beringer's last dress is another excellent model, with its checked glacé skirt of mauve, yellow, black, and pink glacé, the bodice of pinkish-mauve chiffon, quite open at the neck, and crossed by a softly draped fichu, bordered by full frills, which fall over the shoulders, and soften the hard fact that the sleeves are quite tight and plain—to the elbows, at any rate, and there they finish with a double frill. These frills, by the way, are ornamented by an inner heading formed of closely set loops of yellow baby-ribbon, the effect secured being exquisite. All of which you will do well to note for your own future use.

Now, do you think that you can take a leap back into the fifteenth century, and land at the Lyceum, where Mrs. Patrick Campbell's latest attire takes the form of Turkish trousers-deep violet satin in the first act, half concealed by an over-dress of Indian red, enriched with wonderful embroideries, and, in the second act, of silk in a lovely shade of golden terra-cotta, the accompanying white robe embroidered in red and gold, while a leopard-skin is fastened round her hips, and a white scarf is twisted in her loose, dark hair? The costume suits her to perfection, and she moves with that same wonderful grace which no costume, ancient or modern, can disguise or alter. And it is difficult for an Englishwoman to look graceful in Turkish trousers.

Miss Winifred Emery is a regally beautiful figure, clad in a robe of sapphire-blue satin, all wrought with gold and many coloured jewels, and embroidered with some strange flowers, whose faint, exquisite pink is reproduced in the embroidered medallions which adorn the sapphire

velvet train, and again in its silken lining.

In the second act her trailing draperies of golden-yellow are bordered with jewelled embroidery, and lined with turquoise-blue; and, last of all, she appears in a robe of golden tissue veiled with crape-like black gauze, held in at the waist by a wonderful girdle of gold and jewels, from which pear-shaped stones—emeralds, sapphires, rubies, and

opals-hang pendant.

Altogether, wonderfully beautiful dresses, with the most perfectly lovely scenery for background; and, after feasting one's eyes on their mediæval splendour, it is a little difficult to come down to the more prosaic details of modern attire; but the relative values of mohairs and alpacas, foulards and glacés, must be considered and duly apportioned. If you happen to be the possessor of an alpaca gown which has survived the wear and tear of the last season-and alpaeas have a knack of refusing to wear-outyou can endow it with one of the favourite new colours, and be fashionable forthwith; or, to be more correct, get a reliable firm to do the good work for you—Greenhalgh's, for instance, the dyers and dry-cleaners, of Burnley, who have, by the way, been established for over half a century. You should send for their price- and colour-list, and, after devoting ten minutes to its study, you will look upon your old clothes through rose-coloured spectacles, or any other colour that may seem desirable to you. This pleasant vision will, if you go the right way about it, be a reality very speedily, for Messrs. Greenhalgh have that most excellent quality, promptitude, and six or eight days only will usually suffice for the completion of an order, while, in cases of goods required for mourning, special despatch is ensured by a mention of the fact with the order. Therefore, I say once more that the dyers and cleaners are one of the feminine boons and the blessings—the elastic, in fact, which makes dress-allowances and household moneys stretch easily forthwith; or, to be more correct, get a reliable firm to do the good fact, which makes dress-allowances and household moneys stretch easily and pleasantly to the desired extent. FLORENCE.

ABSENCE.

She is not here! That sigh was not from her, It was a wandering wind that made the light leaves stir. She is not here! Those are not her blue eyes But fragrant, dew-wet hyacinths under kindred skies. She is not here! The gold wheat waving fair Is but the Earth's poor likeness of her glorious hair. She is not here! The river's murmuring voice For one enthralling moment bade my heart rejoice. Good-bye, vain hopes! Ah, could I only seem To hold thee fast! But this were all too fair a dream-For nought on Earth can ever bring to me The semblance of the joy of one sweet kiss from thee !- s. II.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on March 9.

SCOTCH RAILWAY PROSPECTS.

Why the Scotch Railways should close their fiscal half-years at the end of July and January, instead of at the end of June and December, like their more civilised English brethren, we frankly confess we do not understand. But there is one thing to be said for the arrangement—that it imparts a little fresh interest to the Home Railway Market. The English dividend announcements for the second half of 1895 are almost forgotten now; and, just when something is wanted as a fresh novelty, the Scotch lines come along with their belated declarations for the same period. Accordingly, all interest in the market is centred in what will be the distributions.

The two important companies are, of course, the Caledonian and the North British, but a useful indication as to how the half-year has gone with them both may be gathered from the results shown by the Glasgow and South-Western—or, as it is generally called, the "Ayrshire" That company has declared a dividend of 5 per cent. per annum for the half-year, as against $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. for the corresponding period of 1894, while carrying forward £5642 as against £2355. This is a very excellent showing, and is particularly encouraging in its relation to the other roads. It is the highest rate declared by the "Ayrshire" since the end of 1883, and, considering the damage that must have been done to the company's receipts by the shipbuilding strike, it is obvious that trade in Scotland must be going ahead well. And another thing is clear—that expenditure has not been rising in proportion to gross receipts, for the published traffics showed an increase in earnings of £77,000, and this must almost all have been net profit, for to pay the extra $2\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. of dividend will absorb nearly £69,000, while, as we have seen, the carry-forward is more than £3000 higher.

Despite the shipbuilding strike, therefore, the expenses of the Scotch Railways appear to have been well kept down, and this encourages one to look for excellent dividends. The North British declaration may be out by the time these remarks appear in print, but the Caledonian result has been postponed until the 10th instant. The best-informed people are going for 1\frac{3}{4} per cent. on British, and 2\frac{3}{4} on Caledonian Deferred. These rates would compare against only 1\frac{1}{4} per cent. on Coras, and nothing at all on British, for the second half of 1894 was the coal-strike time. Although it would be unfair to think this a normal comparison, the rates of dividend estimated will be excellent if they come off. The highest rate ever paid before on Coras was 1\frac{3}{4} for the second half of 1893, so that such a rate as 2\frac{3}{4} per cent. would place the stock in quite a

different category from the gambling counter it used to be.

The reviving interest in Caledonian Deferred has been very notable of late, but the price appears to have hardly responded enough, considering the prospects. In the autumn of 1890, when all the dividend to be expected for the half-year was \(^3\)4 per cent. per annum, the quotation was as high as 56\(^1\)4; while now, with a 2\(^3\)4 per cent dividend in sight, the price is only about 1 per cent. better. People used to deal in Coras with the same enthusiasm that now characterises their transactions in Berthas and Dover "A"; and, under the influence of the improving outlook, we think the old love may return again with all its former strength. If so, Caledonian Deferred will see a considerably higher level, and we think it deserves to go up, for it appears to be settling down as a 3 per cent. stock. It is doubtful, however, whether North British stock will ever regain its old position of importance, for its fortune has been on the wane for some time. It used to rank far ahead of Caledonian Deferred, but now the positions are reversed.

That the Scotch stocks should command attention is reasonable, not only because of the coming dividend announcements, but also because of the excellent start the current half-year has made. For the four weeks that have already elapsed since the close of the Scotch Railway half-year the Caledonian shows a traffic increase of £35,089 and the North British £28,431. The weather continues unusually open, and, as the comparison is against the great frost of 1894, the figures

is against the great frost of 1894, the figures will look particularly well for some time. Moreover, now that the Scotchmen have had their coal strike and their shipbuilding strike, they are likely to lie quiet for some time; and, if so, the railways will do splendidly, for trade is reported particularly brisk in all the industrial centres in the North.



Sir Horace Farquhar's speech at the Exploring Company's meeting on Thursday last was most interesting, dealing, as it did, not only with African and West Australian mining, but with such solid home investments as the Central London Railway. As to the latter concern, we have always had a good word to say for it, and we are as confident as Sir Horace

that the original shareholders will find, in the end, that to run a line below such main streets as Holborn and Cheapside, especially when you do not pay for the land, is better than the best gold-mine.

The shareholders acted wisely in expressing their confidence in the board and not pressing for further explanations as to current business, especially when they had so satisfactory a balance-sheet before them,

and the Anaconda Copper Company is pretty certain to produce an equally favourable result during the current twelve months. From a man's friends it is said "thou shalt know him," and in this case, with the house of Rothschild as associates, the shareholders are reasonably safe.

Not only have we had the meeting of the Exploration Company, but of the Central London Railway Company itself, during this week, and if

anything could be needed to confirm the favourable hopes to which expression was given at the meeting of the parent concern, it was the speech of Mr. Henry Tennant, and the description he gave of the way the initial difficulties were being overcome. One of the best features about the Central Central scheme is the splendid board at the head of affairs, and no better man than Mr. Henry Tennant could have been found to preside over its destinies, for not only as a director of the North-Eastern, but as its general manager for over twenty years, has he gained that experience without which success in railway work is impossible.

The working arrangement with the Waterloo and City line and the connection



MR. HENRY TENNANT,
CHAIRMAN OF THE CENTRAL LONDON RAILWAY.

Photo by James Bacon, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

with the Great Eastern at Liverpool Street increase our faith in the undertaking, and if, in six months' time, when the next meeting takes place, as good an account of the progress can be given as the chairman anticipates, there is likely to be a good market for the shares and a prosperous time for the shareholders.

THE CHARTERED REPORTS.

Chartered shares have found their way into so many English homes that we suppose it is essential for us to say something about the voluminous reports issued by the company, although from the documents it would appear that the directors have not, as yet, heard anything about Dr. Jameson's incursion into the Transvaal, or about the stirring events to which it gave rise. Somewhat late in the day they publish a report and accounts to March 31, 1895, and with them a voluminous statement of their proceedings up to Dec. 31. Surely, in these days of telegraph and cable, it should be possible to get the figures a little more up to date. From Dec. 31 onwards, the minds of the directors are a blank. "The following," we are informed, under the heading of "Administration," "are nominated members of the Council"—and then follows a list of names commencing with "His Honour Dr. Leander S. Jameson, C.B., Administrator."

Except as regards the balance-sheet and the supplemental information given in the text of the report, that document calls for no special mention. At March 31, 1895, the cash in hand was inconsiderable, being only £9988 in all, of which £3862 was in London, and £6125 in South Africa or in transit, and these sums included the balances of accounts of the Civil Commissioners and Postmasters-General. But since that date the financial position of the company has undergone a radical change by the issue of 500,000 new £1 shares at $3\frac{1}{2}$. "With the moneys thus obtained the debenture debt has been paid off, and all other liabilities discharged, the balance being available to forward the development of the country by directly promoting railway and other enterprise. As a result, the company has at the present time, after paying off the debentures and all other debts, a cash balance of some £600,000 in hand, and has got rid of a heavy annual charge for interest. This is altogether independent of the sums subscribed for railway construction, amounting to some £900,000."

Such a statement is eminently satisfactory, particularly in view of the fact shown in the accounts that, even for the year to March, 1895, the receipts and outgoings came very little short of balancing, if we exclude the special debit of £14,471 for telegraph construction. That, of course, is a special charge; but, per contra, we note that the proceeds of the "stand" sales are included as revenue, while, at the last meeting of the company, Mr. Cecil Rhodes said they were not so regarded by the board. The exact amount is not ascertainable from the accounts, as it is lumped together with land-revenue in a total of £53,047. The point is, however, one of great importance, in view of what is stated elsewhere regarding subsequent sales of "stands." The directors state that "confidence in the future development of the company is shown by the enormous success of the sales of 'stands' held in August 1895 (and not, therefore, appearing in these accounts), which realised the sum of £203,095, and greatly exceeded the most sanguine expectations." Is that sum of £203,000 a credit to capital or to revenue? Mr. Rhodes says to capital;



SIR HORACE FARQUHAR.

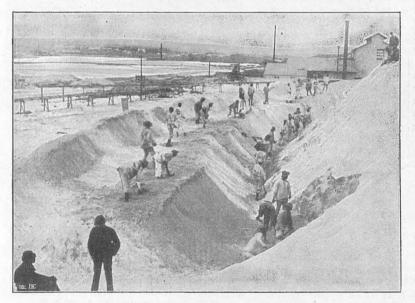
Photo by Thomson.

but his colleagues do not appear to agree with him, to judge from the terms of the balance-sheet they submit.

Their attention appears to be now centred on the all-important works of railway and telegraphic extension, road-making, and the development of an efficient postal service. For these purposes the capital-issue in August 1895 came as a godsend. It enabled the company to give an effective guarantee of interest on the Bechuanaland Railway debentures issued in September, and so to render possible the extension of the railway on which so much depends. When the contemplated extensions of the Bechuanaland and the Beira railways are completed, and the connection between them established, "the company's territories will be well served with railways." That is, no doubt, correct, but it is "when," and no possible effort should be spared to substitute "now that" "when." It was stated the other day, apparently on good autho "when." It was stated the other day, apparently on good authority, that a crushing-mill costing about £1500 or £2000 f.o.b. in London, would cost about £10,000 ere it reached Salisbury. This may be an exaggeration; but incredulity is shaken by the specific statement in the report before us that the extension of the Beira Railway from Chimoio to Umtali, which will be completed within the current year, will reduce the freight-charges from anything between £25 and £50 to under £5 per ton. Agriculture also suffers at present from the almost prohibitive freight-charges on imported machinery, as is testified by the reports from the company's officials in the various districts of Rhodesia.

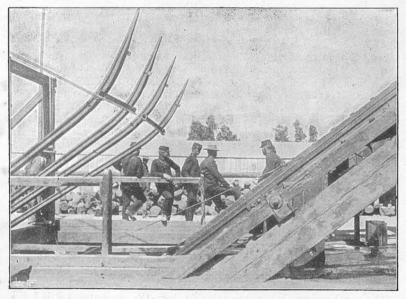
SEARCHING THE ROBINSON MINE FOR ARMS.

The troubles on the Rand enable us to give two very interesting pictures of Johannesburg life during the late revolution, or rather, just



CONVICTS SEARCHING THE ROBINSON COMPANY'S TAILINGS FOR ARMS.

after its collapse, taken from photographs made upon the spot; and a more vivid idea of the interruption of mining operations is probably given by the views than by any amount of letterpress, for, if your mine is in the hands of the police, and your tailing-beds are being dug over by convicts, it is not only difficult, but next to impossible, to keep the output up. We are glad to say that, in the case of the Robinson Mine,



ROBINSON MINE IN THE HANDS OF THE POLICE: AWAITING THE HAULING UP OF THE SKIP.

President Krüger and his myrmidons found nothing to justify his suspicions. The mine was taken possession of for two days, and our second picture represents the police awaiting the hauling up of the skip, while the water was being pumped out of the old drives and the whole of the mining operations were at a standstill.

WHAT THE PUBLIC ARE DOING.

The public are not taking the new things which are advertised, as we know, for we have it on the best authority that one concern which we noticed last week got £300 from the public as the result of its expenditure, and in another case the underwriters were saddled with 87 per cent., so that they had to earn the 10 per cent. in cash and 10 per cent. in shares which they got for the risk. And yet, when the right thing comes along, there is no difficulty, for Hannan's Mount Ferum Gold-Mines, Limited, is already applied for three times over, and people are tumbling over one another to get, not underwriting, but merely plain "firm allotments."

GOLDEN PLUMS.

There has been some excitement in these shares this week, principally because of the discovery on the Linerick property, which adjoins it. The capital is £120,000, of which £105,000 is issued, and the crushing will begin next week or the week after. Those connected with the enterprise have the most unbounded faith in it, and, as they are "the right sort," we believe the shares are well worth buying, even at present prices. There is a ten-head battery erected, plenty of water, and 6000 tons of ore at grass, which is expected to yield from two to three ounces to the ton all through, in addition to which, the big lode, which has hitherto remained practically untouched, because it was supposed to go about an ounce to the ton only, has, in the Limerick property, which, as we said, adjoins the Golden Plum, been found, at a depth of fifty-six feet, to assay seven ounces. If half the stories which are vouched for as to West Australian mines were told of any other country, we should say—well, perhaps we had better leave the sentence unfinished. Saturday, Feb. 29, 1896.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules-

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

(1) All letters must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand, and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.

(2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre winder which the desired inswer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.

(3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.

(4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.

(5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.

(6) Letters involving matters of law, such as sharcholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.

(7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.

(8) Under no circumstances can telegram

uations, or intricate matters of account contains.

(8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters will receive no attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

VINDEX .- You have not sent us the contract, so we cannot advise further than we did last week.

We did last week.

Searrezz.—There seems very little danger in holding your first mortgage bonds except a revival of the war-scare with the United States, which we do not consider entirely outside the range of practical politics. Imperial Continental Gas Stock would suit you.

IMPECUNIOUS.—We posted your prospectus, and hope you have received it. Pegim.—If the sketches are suitable to the City column, and are sent to the "City Editor," with stamped, directed envelope for return, we will send them back with pleasure; but we make no promises about what any other department of the paper will do. If you have doubts, ask the Editor.

J. E. W.—We should imagine there were many brokers who would be glad to do a small speculative business and carry over for you. You may take it that, when your brokers say "against their principles," it means they do not think they are safe in dealing for you; they probably want you to deposit some security to make them safe. We are not in love with New Bultfontein Diamond shares at present price.

present price.
A. H.—We should buy Brown Hills for an early rise (see our "Notes"

A. H.—We should buy Brown Hills for an early rise (see our Moles for reasons).

W. G.—We replied to your question about Aladdins on Feb. 26.

W. J. F.—We wrote you fully on Feb. 26, and returned your remittance, as we could not do what you wanted.

Alpha.—The question of what your trustees can invest in depends on the terms of your marriage settlement. Send us a copy of the investment clause, and we will tell you whether New York Brewery debentures are within its powers. In the ordinary way, trustees by law would not be entitled to buy such a security, but then every trust is regulated by the investment clause of the deed creating it. The statutory investments authorised by law, and open to all trustees, would not yield more than 24 per cent. except on mortgage.

Boltonian.—We think they are about the best lottery bonds, and quite safe. There is a fair chance of drawing a prize, and if you want this sort of thing, you could not do better.

There is a fair chance of drawing a prize, and if you want this sort of thing, you could not do better.

V. P. B.—(1) We think the company is a very good concern, never likely to set the Thames on fire, but reliable and prosperous. You would do well to increase your holding by any new shares offered to you. (2) The present company was only registered in November 1895, to take over the business of the old one (see last week's "Notes"), but the dividends are to be paid in June and December, and we expect the same thing will take place with the new preference.

C. S.—Eastleigh, Violet, Paarl Central, and Aurora are among the concerns which would benefit by the reduction in working expenses which should result from proper government in the Transvaal. You have exactly expressed what a cumulative preference share means. We cannot put it better.

W. G. M.—We replied to your letter on Feb. 28.

F. W. P.—We have replied to both your letters, the last on Feb. 28.

J. D.—See Rule 5. We have, however, sent you the information you want, as your case seemed pressing.

Note.—From want of space several answers are held over this week.

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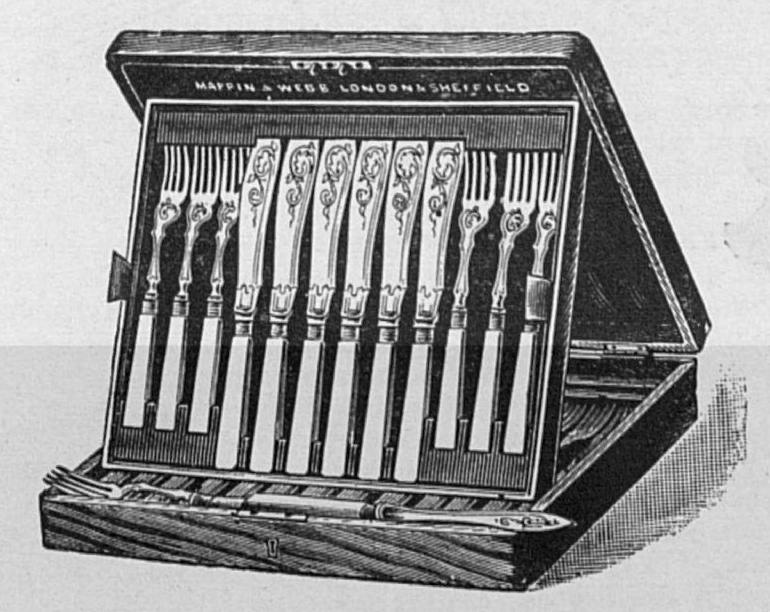
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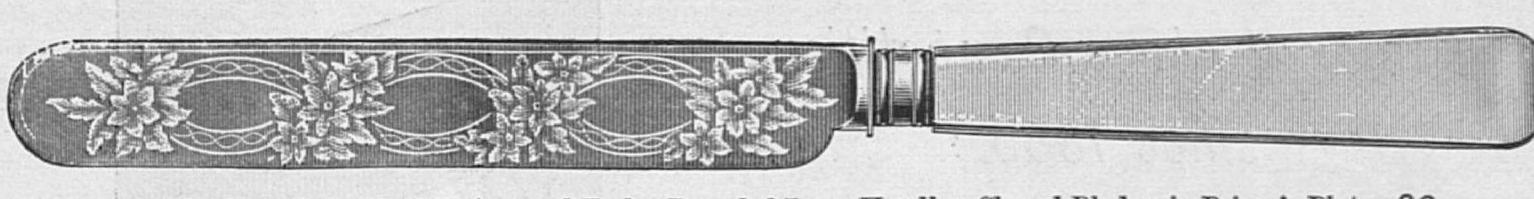
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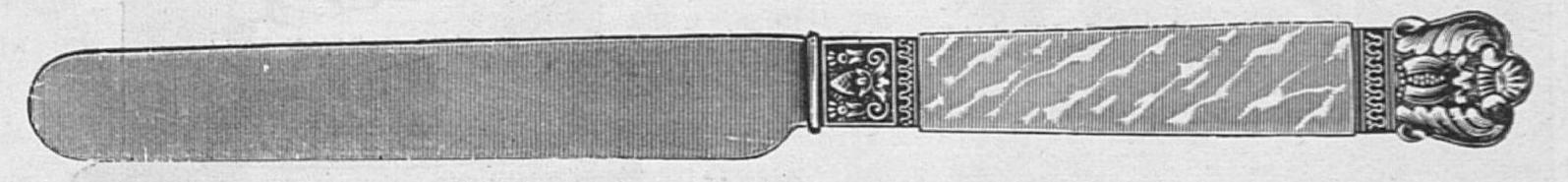
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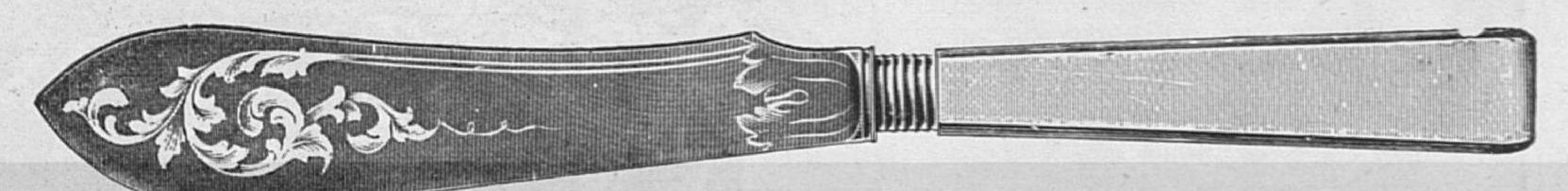


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With Sterling Silver Blades, £11 15s.



A 2010—12 Pairs Fruit Knives and Forks, Finest quality Pearl Handles, Prince's Plate Blades, and Sterling Silver
Fancy Caps and Ferrules, £9 10s.

With Sterling Silver Blades and Mounts ... £13 5s.



A 1601—Octagon Ivory Handles and Engraved Blades:
Sterling Silver. Prince's Plate 19 Fish Knives £3 15

12 Fish Knives £10 10s. ... £3 15s.
12 Pairs Fish Knives and Forks, £16 0s. ... £6 4s.

A 160—Octagon Ivory Handles, but with Plain Blades:

Sterling Silver. Prince's Plate.

12 Fish Knives ... £10 Os. ... £3 7s.

12 Pairs Fish Knives and Forks, £15 10s. ... £5 14s.



A 67—Rounded Ivory Handles, Richly Engraved Blades:
Sterling Silver. Prince's Plate.

12 Fish Knives ... £11 Os. ... £5 2s.
12 Pairs Fish Knives and Forks, £16 10s. ... £8 14s.

A 67 p—Rounded Ivory Handles, but with Plain Blades:

Sterling Silver. Prince's Plate.

12 Fish Knives ... £10 10s. ... £4 12s.

12 Pairs Fish Knives and Forks, £15 15s. ... £7 19s.

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